

IT'S SENSATIONAL!! STEEL STERLING
IN THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY OF HIS CAREER

NO.

32

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ZIP COMICS



[illegible]

ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE WEB vs THE SPIDER IN "THE CRIMSON COFFINS"

He was funny, this little man with the twisted back and the curious habit of wetting or though he were crawling along on invisible web. Funny indeed, until you learned that his mind was as twisted as his back, twisted with malevolent thoughts of evil.

PAGE 3

STEEL STERLING vs THE TEACHER IN "SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS"

He ran a very strange school, a school for rebatoers . . . with special lessons in murder! Then one day THE TEACHER decided to put his talent to actual use.

PAGE 16

BLACK JACK vs FAN TAN IN "DEATH PLAYS FOR KEEPS"

Fan Tan spent ten years in China, teaching his nimble fingers to wield a deck of cards—and a knife. He became so expert at both these sports that he decided he could never lose. So he dealt himself a hand in the grim game of murder.

PAGE 28

WILBUR

"Congratulations, Jurell, Wilbur," we said to him, "you can get into more trouble than any other living human today." "Thank you," said Wilbur, reaching to pat himself on the back and breaking his arm in the process.

PAGE 39

ZOOM O'DAY

Get into the cockpit, and read into battle alongside of the lightning Marine in Allied service and his sidekick, Liverlor!

PAGE 46

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

This month ZIP COMICS gives you the story of a Russian girl. And more than a story of just one girl. It is the story of Russian courage, the reason the Nazis are sure to lose their war.

PAGE 53

MEET THE EDITOR

Here's your chance to meet HARRY SHORLEN, the man behind ZIP COMICS, the man who sees that you get better and better features in your favorite magazine with each succeeding issue.

PAGE 60

ZAMBINI

Once again Zambini goes to work on this country's unthinking saboteurs, those men and women who, by their stupidity and selfishness, are doing much toward weakening our defense programs—the PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT.

PAGE 61

HARRY SHORLEN, Editor

The WEB



IN THE GOOD BOOK IT IS WRITTEN... "THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY IT!"-- AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS THAT WHEN FROM UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA THERE CAME THE BROWN TERROR OF NAZISM TO ENGULF THE PEACEFUL SOUTH SEA ISLE OF ABOONA ... A MESH OF CIRCUMSTANCE WAS SPUN WHICH BROUGHT THE WEB HALF ACROSS THE EARTH TO SEAL THE OOM OF THOSE WHO FLOUTED THE WORDS OF THE SCRIPTURE!!

FAR IN THE SOUTH SEAS, OVER THE PEACEFUL ISLE OF ABOONA...



...A WEB OF CRIME IS STEADILY BEING SPUN... A WEB DRAWING ITS STRANDS FROM TWO LANDS AN OCEAN APART... A WEB TO ENSNARE THE UNWITTING WEAVER... HERE IS THE TALE. THE FIRST THREAD... IN THE ISLAND'S MISSION CHURCH, A RELIGIOUS SERVICE LED BY THE MISSIONARY PASTOR, FATHER JOHN...



AND NOW, MY CHILDREN LET US SING A HYMN TO THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD!



AHOY DERE? MAKE FALSE MOVES UND YOU DIET?



FROM NOW ON I AM FUHRER HERE!

ONLY THE LORD IS MAN'S MASTER!



DERE ISS ONLY VUN LORD-- ADOLPH HITLER!



YOU CANNOT DO THIS TO OUR PASTOR!

WE WILL STOP--UGG?



BUT, FATHER, THEY ARE EVIL! THEY KILL!

TO TAKE LIFE IS SINFUL! DO NOT FIGHT THEM BACK!



UND NOW, FATHER, ORDER YOUR PEOPLE TO BRING WATER UND PROVISIONS TO MY SHIP! MOOF!!



...WHEN FATHER JOHN GIVES THE ORDER, THE NATIVES RUSH TO BRING PROVISIONS.



LATER...KAPITAN KLUE INTERRUPTS THE BURIAL SERVICE...

OUR FATHER WHO...PLEASE BE QUIET!

A-MEN...

HEM-HEM! SEE IF YOUR GOD WILL HELP YOU!!



ABOVE THE BLASPHEMOUS LAUGHTER OF THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN, FATHER JOHN LIFTS HIS VOICE IN PRAYER.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...HELP THY SERVANT! SHOW ME HOW I MAY AID MY FLOCK!

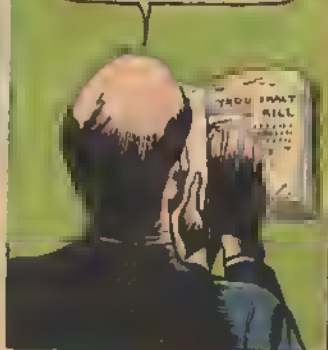


WHEN SUDDENLY!



THE CLAP OF THUNDER IS FOLLOWED BY A GUST OF WIND. THE BIBLE PAGES WILDLY FLURRY...

THE WIND! THIS PAGE HAS BEEN TORN...



MOOF ASIDE, FOOL

VOT DID YOU SAY

IT IS AN OMENT

HERR FPP-ITANT SCHMID ON DER HORIZON



IF YOU SINK THAT BOAT, THE AUTHORITIES WILL INVESTIGATE, I WARN YOU!

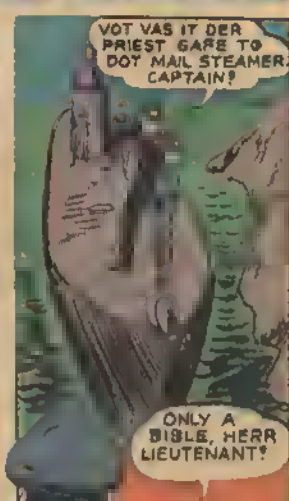
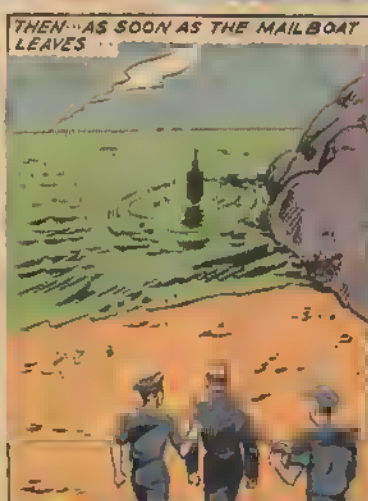
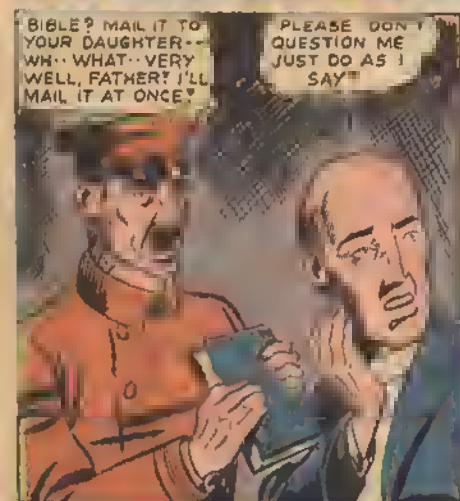
YOU ARE RIGHT, YOU SOFT-SPOKEN FOOL! BUT VUN FALSE MOOF, UND VELL VIPE OUT EFFERY PERSON ON DIS ISLAND!



A BOAT? VY IS IT COMING HERE?



IT IS THE MAIL BOAT MAKING ITS REGULAR MONTHLY STOP!



I MUST GET DER
BIBLE BACK! I
VILL SEND VORD
TO BERLIN! DER
GESTAPO
VILL
RECOVER
IT!

H-HEIL
H-HIT,
OH...

PEACE
TO YOU
MY SON!

AND NOW, ANOTHER
STRAND OF THE
WEB...

...MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY,
IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEQUESTERED
UNIVERSITY WHERE PROF. RAYMOND,
EMINENT CRIMINOLOGIST, IS CONDUCTING
THE FINAL EXAMINATION'S FOR HIS CLASS...

TIME'S UP,
STUDENTS...
THE TEST
IS OVER!

HAND IN YOUR
TEST PAPERS
AS YOU FILE
PAST, PLEASE!
THAT IS ALL!

OH, PROFESSOR
RAYMOND!

YES—
WHAT IS
IT, ROSE?

THIS
BIBLE
FROM MY FATHER!
WHY WOULD HE SEND
ME HIS BIBLE, AND
NOTHING ELSE, UN-
LESS...

...BY
ROSE,
DON'T
BECOME
HYSTERICA!
LET ME
SEE...
HMM!

YOU SEE I'VE NOT HEARD
FROM FATHER IN YEARS
SINCE HE LEFT TO BECOME
A MISSIONARY! WHY SHOULD
HE SEND ME A BIBLE.

HIS MOST PRECIOUS
POSSESSION! IT
JUST DOES-
N'T MAKE

HMMM.
IT DOES
SEEM
VERY
PECULIAR!

WITHOUT WARNING...!

OKAY, BOYS—
THAT'S HER
...WHO'S
THE GUY?

WHAT'S
THE DIFF?
WE'LL TAKE
HIM TOO!

JUST AS ONE OF THE GANG SHOOTS AT RAYMOND THE LEADER SHOUTS AND KNOCKS THE GUN ASIDE...

STOP! STOP, YOU FOOL!

JOHN!
JOHN... HELP ME!

I'LL KILL THE...

MY HEAD..!

...THE BULLET GOES ASTRAY TO PING INTO THE CAR'S GAS TANK!

HURRY, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE! DOT SHOT YOU FIRED VILL PROBABLY BRING DER POLICE ANY SECOND!

OH... THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY!

GAS... A TRAIL OVER THE PAVEMENT, I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO WADES! IF NECESSARY!!

A WEIRD CHANGE... THE MAN OF SCIENCE IS SWIFTLY TRANSFORMED INTO THE MIGHTY NEMESIS OF EVIL... THE WEB!!

MEANWHILE... AT THE GANG HEADQUARTERS

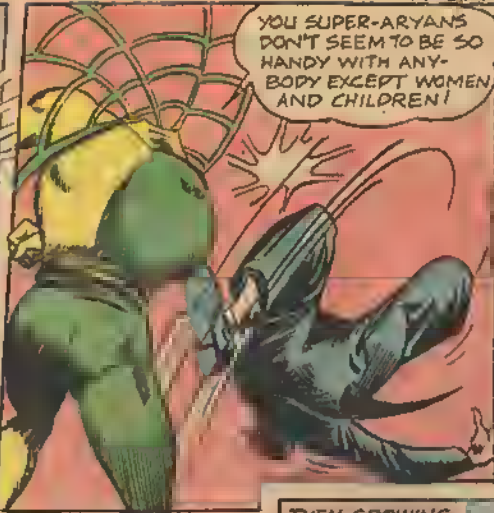
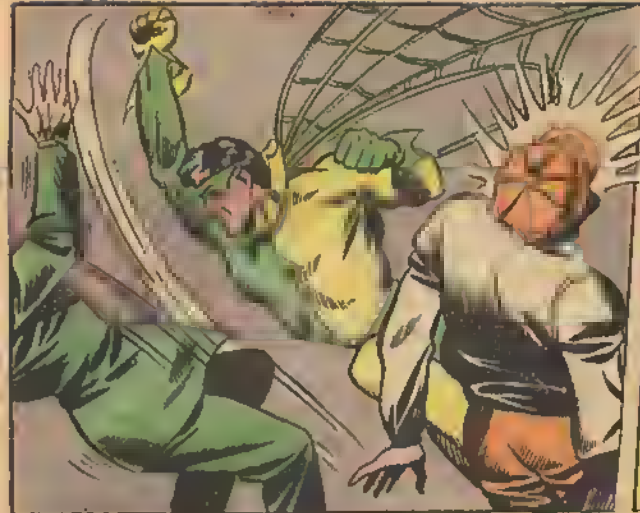
SCHPEAK UP! VERE ISS DER BIBLEYOT VAS WRITTEN IN IDT? SCHPEAK!

N... NO...! SMACK!

BUT SUDDENLY!... FROM OUT OF NOWHERE A STRANGE SHADOWY DESIGN MATERIALIZES, SPINNING TERROR INTO COWARDLY HEARTS... IT IS THE MARK OF...

THE WEB

AND NOW, MY SLIMY HEARTIES... YOU DEAL WITH DEATH... YOURS!!



YOU SUPER-ARYANS
DON'T SEEM TO BE SO
HANDY WITH ANY-
BODY EXCEPT WOMEN
AND CHILDREN!



THERE'S A LOT TO THIS
I DON'T GET! I'M GOING
TO STUDY THAT BIBLE!
NOW YOU'D BETTER
CALL THE POLICE!

ALL RIGHT!



HERE! TAKE
ONE OF THESE
GUNS! IF
THEY MAKE
A MOVE....

DON'T WORRY
WEB! I CAN
TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF!

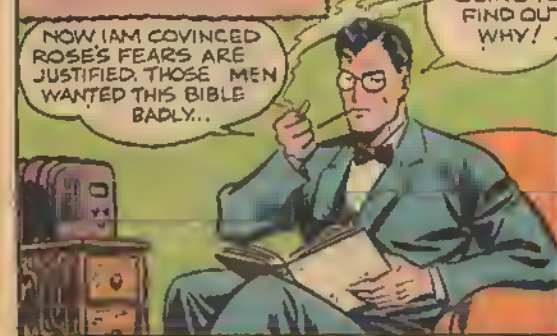
THEN GROWING-
LOUDER COMES
THE SHRILL OF A
POLICE SIREN



WHE-E-E-E-E

SEE
LATER

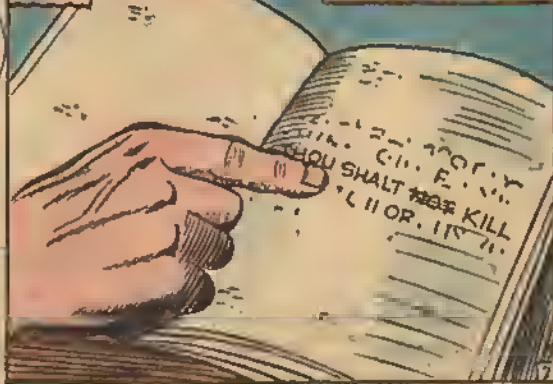
...BACK AT
HIS HOME, PROF.
RAYMOND STUDIES
THE BIBLE STRIVING TO
SOLVE ITS MYSTERIES...



NOW I AM COVINCED
ROSE'S FEARS ARE
JUSTIFIED. THOSE MEN
WANTED THIS BIBLE
BADLY...

AND I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
WHY!

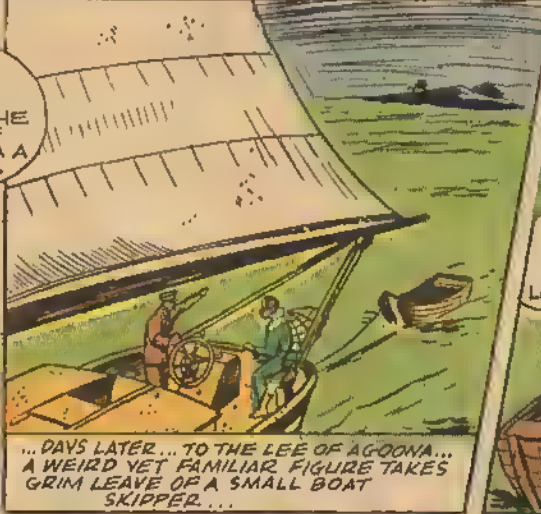
HOUR AFTER
HOUR... RAYMOND
PORES OVER THE BIBLE AND
THEN AN IDEA BEGINS TO
TAKE SHAPE... HE BENDS
OVER THE SACRED BOOK
AND...



THOU SHALT NOT KILL

...THEN IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR!

THE MISSIONARY WAS TRYING TO SEND OUT A MESSAGE... A CALL FOR HELP! THINK I'LL PAY THE ISLE OF AGOONA A CALL...



... DAYS LATER ... TO THE LEE OF AGOONA... A WEIRD YET FAMILIAR FIGURE TAKES GRIM LEAVE OF A SMALL BOAT SKIPPER...

...INTO A DINGHY, THE WEB GOES...

'BYE, WEB!

AU VOIR CAPTAIN! WISH ME LUCK!



...FROM THERE, TO DIVE INTO SHARK-STUDDED WATERS... AND THEN TO STEALTHILY SWIM ASHORE!



...ON SHORE... SILENT AS DEATH ITSELF AS A NAZI STANDS GUARD...

A NAZI EH? NOW IT STARTS TO MAKE SENSE!



THEN!!

HIMMEL!



AND NOW, MY BEILING-BEAUTY... WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN, WEB STYLE!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AS CAPTAIN KLUG DRUNKENLY SWILLS NATIVE LIQUOR...

LIEBER GOTT!



THESE ROCKS WILL MAKE NOISE... ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION... AND THEN...



QUICKLY SOBERING, THE FIENDISH LI-BOAT COMMANDER WHIRLS IN ALL DIRECTIONS...

...THEN LEADS HIS NAZI CREW
IN A WILD CHARGE INTO
THE JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE FATHER JOHN IS ASTOUNDED
AS...



W-WHO...
WHAT--?

I'LL
EXPLAIN LATER
FATHER! NOW
TELL ME WHAT
GOES ON HERE--
HURRY!

A SHORT TIME AGO THEY
CAME... FROM A SUB!
THEY'VE KILLED
AND LOOTED--
FORCED ME TO
GIVE IN TO ALL
THEIR DEMANDS
FOR PROVISIONS--
THEY'RE USING
AGOONA AS A SECRET
U-BOAT BASE!

HHMM...
GO ON!



THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR
ME TO FIGHT ALONE,
FATHER! TELL YOUR
PEOPLE TO HELP ME WIPE
THE RATS OUT!
YOU MUST!!

MY NATIVES-- WILL?
NO! NO! TO KILL IS TO SIN!
I WILL NOT LEAD THEM
TO SIN! NEVER!



BUT IF WE
DON'T RID
AGOONA OF
THESE
NAZI VER-
MIN, THEY'LL
GO ON
SINKING
OUR SHIPS,
DESTROYING
LIVES--
THINK
FATHER
THINK!!

B--BUT ALL THESE
YEARS I'VE TAUGHT
MY PEOPLE NOT
TO KILL-- OH,
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!
TERRIBLE!!



FATHER JOHN SUMMONS HIS NATIVES

LISTEN, MY PEOPLE-- I
HAVE TAUGHT YOU NOT
TO KILL-- BUT NOW I
MUST ASK YOU TO
FORGET MY TEACH-
INGS! I PRAY GOD
I DO RIGHT! NOW
GET YOUR
WEAPONS!
FOLLOW US!!



--MINUTES LATER THE
NAZIS VAINLY SCOUR-
ING THE JUNGLE,
ARE STARTLED--
THEN TERRIFIED
AS OUT OF THE
UNDERBRUSH;
THE WEB LEADS

A CHARGE!!



DEATH TO THE
INVADERS!!

NOW FOR YOU!

FORGIVE ME, OH
WORD--IT MUST
BE DONE!

SO-- YOU
THINK
YOU
SCHTOP
US, EH--!

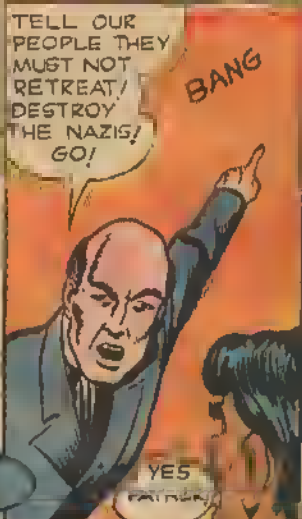


TELL OUR
PEOPLE THEY
MUST NOT
RETREAT!
DESTROY
THE NAZIS!
GO!

BANG

YES

FATHER

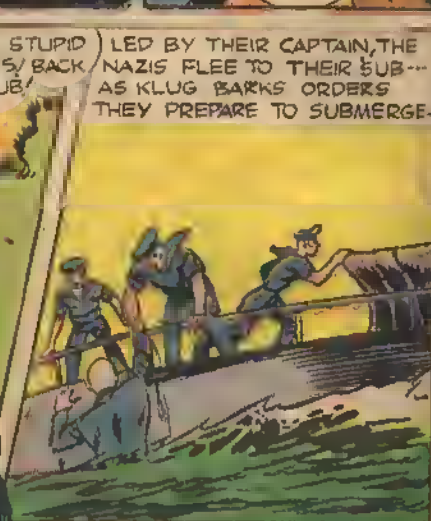
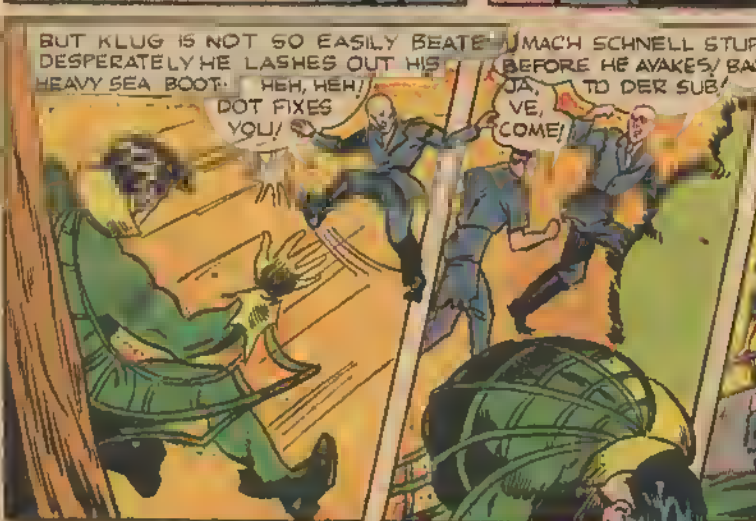


BUT KLUG IS NOT SO EASILY BEATEN. HE
DESPERATELY HE LASHES OUT HIS
HEAVY SEA BOOT-- HEH, HEH!

DOT FIXES
YOU!

MACH SCHNELL STUPID
(BEFORE HE AWAKES/ BACK
JA, TO DER SUB!
VE, COME!

LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, THE
NAZIS FLEE TO THEIR SUB--
AS KLUG BARKS ORDERS
THEY PREPARE TO SUBMERGE.



-WHILE ASHORE, AS HE RECOVERS
THE WEB, SEEING THE SUB CRASH
DIVE, RECKLESSLY LEAPS TO
PREVENT ITS ESCAPE

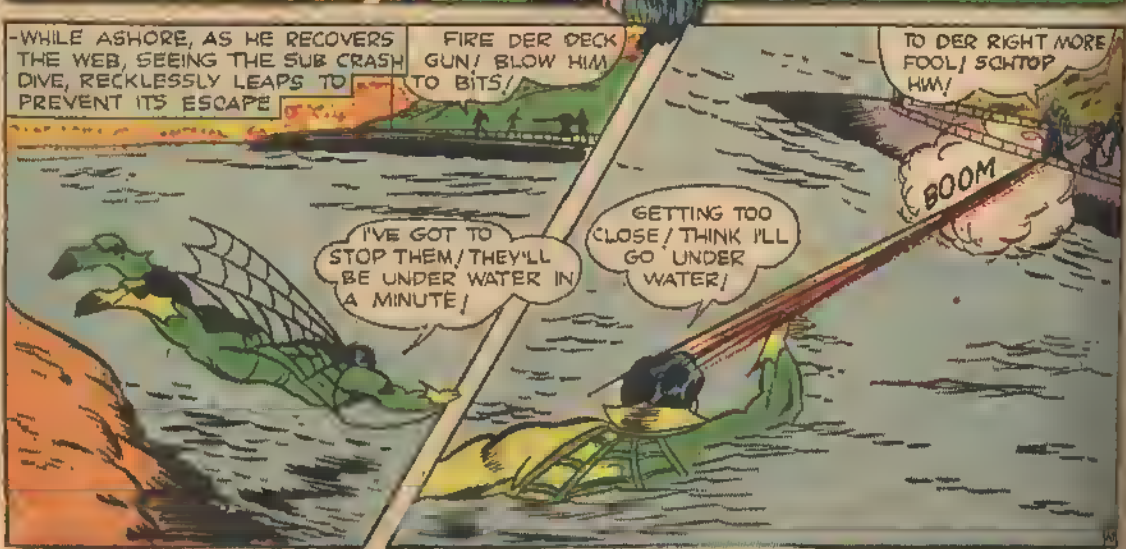
FIRE DER DECK
GUN/ BLOW HIM
TO BITS!

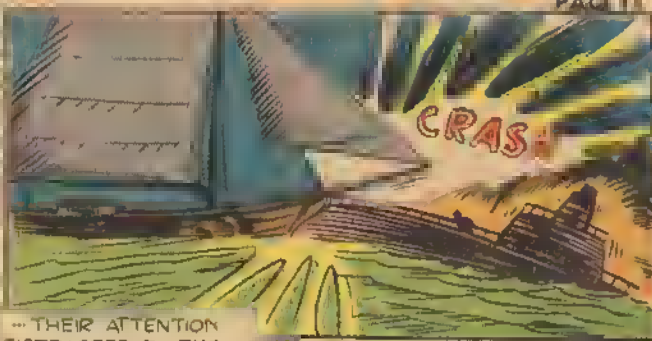
TO DER RIGHT MORE
FOOL/ SCHTOP
HW!

I'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM/ THEY'LL
BE UNDER WATER IN
A MINUTE!

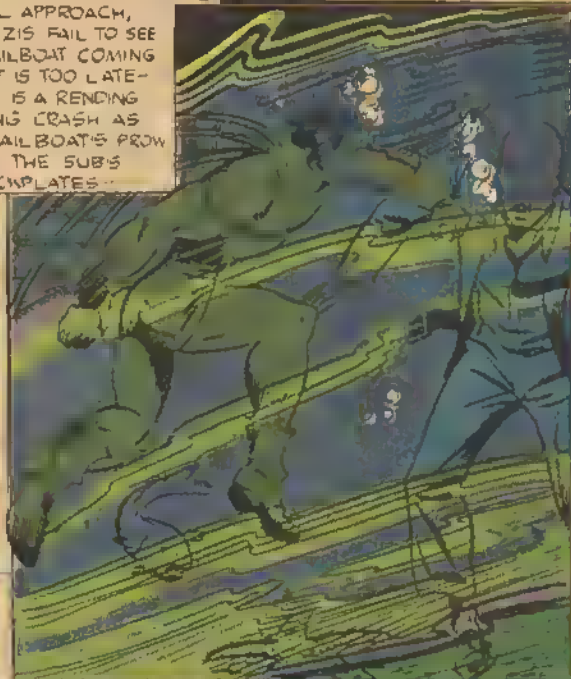
GETTING TOO
CLOSE/ THINK I'LL
GO UNDER
WATER!

BOOM





...THEIR ATTENTION DISTRACTED BY THE WEB'S SUICIDAL APPROACH, THE NAZI FAIL TO SEE THE MAILBOAT COMING UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE—THERE IS A RENDING TEARING CRASH AS THE MAILBOAT'S PROW SPLITS THE SUB'S DECKPLATES.



SUICIDE . . . OR MURDER?

A WEB STORY
by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE were similarities.

One—Martin Miller, aged 55, a successful business man, who built up a huge chain of ten-cent stores. A very nervous man, Mr. Martin Miller—as nervous as he was keen; as irritable as he was intelligent.

Two—Jonathan Cook, probably the most sensitive and intellectual playboy on earth. Son of society. Age, 32. Very nervous.

Three—Eric Wilson, 25 . . . a student, a bespectacled seeker of knowledge. Very nervous.

Three different men, and similarities. Each of these men had been rich; each of these men had been nervous; and all of these men—were dead.

On Monday, Martin Miller leaped out of the window of his ultra-ultra business office and was crushed to death on the pavement eighty stories below. On Tuesday Jonathan Cook spoiled the fun of all his society friends by not showing up for a swank party. He didn't show up because he had leaped off the roof of his penthouse apartment the previous night. And on Wednesday, Eric Wilson followed suit by throwing himself out the window of his apartment on the tenth floor of the quiet Hotel Winslow, located just two blocks from the university.

John Raymond came into the case because Eric Wilson had studied under him in a Psychology class.

Raymond obtained permission from the police and visited Wilson's apartment at the Hotel Winslow. Nothing had been touched, and the room was really a most unusual sight.

The furniture was expensive

and sturdy. Tasteful pictures lined the walls. The curtains were perfectly fitted to the color scheme of the entire suite. It was a beautiful apartment—or rather, it *had been* a beautiful apartment.

For someone had taken a paint brush and slashed heavy red lines around the place. Red flamed from the walls, from the tasteful pictures, and from the curtains.

John Raymond didn't understand the red paint, then. He questioned the hotel manager and learned that as far as was known the paint had been smeared around the apartment during the night of Eric Wilson's death. It hadn't been there when the woman had cleaned up that same evening.

John Raymond went next to Jonathan Cook's home. The apartment was untouched. Raymond walked over to the wall, and flicked the lamp switch.

No light went on.

Raymond flicked the switch up and back several times, but still no light appeared. He summoned a servant, who told him that the bulb had been perfectly good when tried the evening before Jonathan Cook's death.

"I'll put in a new bulb for you, sir," said the servant.

While Raymond waited, the servant secured a new bulb, and a step ladder, and went to work. He screwed out the old bulb—and gasped.

"What's *this*?" he said.

Someone had coated the bulb over with black paint.

John Raymond still didn't get it, but he was beginning to understand things just a little better.

He went to Martin Miller's business office.

Martin Miller had had the habit of remaining to work long after his staff had gone home. It had been on an evening such as this that he had leaped out of his window.

Martin Miller's private office, too, had been left untouched, and once again there was paint. This time it was phosphorescent paint, and it was daubed in jagged, lightning-like lines over the dark-green walls opposite the window.

The newspapers *had* mentioned the paint in Wilson's and Miller's apartments, but they'd sketched over it so casually that Raymond hadn't realized its importance. He realized it now.

Some weeks before his death, Eric Wilson had come to John Raymond for advice.

"My nerves are shot, and I want to visit a psychiatrist," Wilson had said abruptly. "Can you recommend one to me, Professor Raymond?"

Raymond had been amused.

"Come now," he'd said, "your nerves aren't *that* bad!"

"They are, Professor," Wilson had said, quietly. "Can you recommend a psychiatrist to me?"

And still Raymond hadn't taken him seriously. "Well," he had said, with a smile, "news papers always mention this fellow Vincent Bastell as being one of the best. Why don't you try him?"

"I will," Wilson had said, and gone out of the room.

And now Raymond realized that he should have taken Wilson seriously. In lightly recom-

mending Bastell, he was partly responsible for young Wilson's death.

Raymond had one more place to visit—Vincent Bastell's psychiatric office. But this time he was going as The Web.

He was lucky. He arrived at Bastell's office when the psychiatrist was alone.

He burst through the locked door, slammed it right open at the hinges.

Bastell had obviously been working late. Papers covered his desk. He leaped to his feet, and said, "What's going on here?"

"There was a possibility that you might refuse to see me," The Web said, "and I didn't want to waste any time arguing."

Bastell had a bulldog face, and he thrust his pugnacious chin upwards. "I recognize you, Web," he said. "What do you want here? I haven't committed any crimes. I'm a perfectly respectable——"

"Have you read about the Martin Miller, Eric Wilson and Jonathan Cook suicides?" The Web cut in.

"I have."

"Very well," said The Web. "Then tell me something. Isn't it true that all three of these men were your patients?"

"So what?" Bastell said, flatly. "As a matter of fact, they all were, at one time or another. It's just a simple coincidence, that's all."

"Coincidence?" The Web smiled. "I don't think so. They weren't suicides, Bastell—they were murders."

"Murders!" Bastell's face had gone white.

"Murders, Bastell," The Web said bluntly. "Murders that you committed."

Bastell dropped into his chair. "You're crazy," he said, thickly.

The Web smiled, his eyes

frosty, humorless. "Let me see if I've got it straight," he said. "Your patients have to tell you hidden and personal facts—because a psychiatrist has to know everything about a patient and his family and friends before he can effect a cure. You've been using these facts for blackmail purposes. Right so far?"

Bastell said nothing.

"These nervous men and women who come to you must certainly reveal some useful facts," said The Web. "But occasionally, some of these patients get out of line . . . and then you have to take care of them."

With a quick movement, The Web darted over to Bastell's record cabinet and began to thumb through the drawer marked, *Patients*. Bastell rushed at him, but The Web shoved him back into his seat.

The Web selected three cards. The cards were marked simply:

Eric Wilson—father murderer.

Martin Miller—framed partner; got exclusive rights to business.

Jonathan Cook—forged father's will to make him exclusive heir.

"So that's what you had on 'em, eh?" The Web commented. "Eric's father was a murderer—I take it Eric paid plenty to see that the fact didn't become known to his friends. Miller framed his partner; and Cook forged his father's will. Very amusing."

Bastell watched him now, his eyes blazing.

"These three patients acted up at once—and you had to kill all of them," said The Web. "Your murder methods were quite clever. You worked on their phobias—the fears which brought them to you in the first

place. Everyone of us has some little phobia, some little things we're afraid of, like the dark, for example—but the fears of these phobia victims are exaggerated . . . made so horrible in their own minds that it haunts them day and night. Eric apparently suffered from *hematophobia*—which is, as you know pretty well, fear of blood. You entered his apartment as he slept . . . and got him into a hypnotic trance. Then, while he was still in this trance, you made him open his eyes and look at the blood-red paint on the wall, which you'd just put there. He was so horrified and filled with his phobia that his only desire was to get away from there . . . and he took the easiest way: the window."

Bastell's eyes had become watchful now, dangerous.

"You worked the same trick with the other two," continued The Web. "With Jonathan Cook, it was *nyctophobia*, horrible fear of darkness. You got him into a trance, and made him go and flick the light switch. He knew the light was good because he'd used it before going to sleep, and when he flicked the light and nothing happened because you'd painted it black since then, his hypnotized mind thought he'd gone blind. He raced around and around and, while still under your control, he went right off the penthouse roof. And Miller, finally, had *astrapophobia*, fear of lightning. By painting lightning-like objects on the wall opposite the window with luminous paint, and dulling his mind with your hypnosis, you made him run directly away from his fear . . . right through the window . . ."

Bastell leaped, with the desperation of a doomed man . . . but The Web was ready for him. His fist smashed twice against Bastell's face, and the psychiatrist went down.

The Web's work was over. He lifted the phone and called the police.

STEEL STERLING

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES THE LEG
END OF WEREWOLVES
HAS HAD ITS STRONGEST
HOLD IN FRANCE, AND NOW,
A NATION TORN AND BLEED-
ING, PROSTRATE UNDER THE
CRUSHING HEEL OF THE NAZI
HORDE, FRANCE
FINDS ITSELF SUBJECT-
ED TO STILL ANOTHER HORROR
MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE
WORST DEATH CONCEIVED
IN THE BESTIAL BRAIN OF
THE CONQUEROR IS
"THE WEREWOLF
OF FRANCE"



NOVICK

OCCUPIED FRANCE...IN A SOUTHERN PROVINCE, THE PLAIN-
TIVE WAIL OF A HOUND
ECHOES THROUGH
THE MOONLIT
NIGHT.

IN THE VILLAGE BELOW...

BRUNO! BARKING AT
THE MOON! THE SIGN
OF THE WEREWOLF!

RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!

IN ALL HIS WEIRD FURY
THE WEREWOLF
APPEARS, HALF MAN, HALF
WOLF, SINISTER, FRIGH-
TEN-
ING...

TALONED CLAWS
LASH AT THE
HORRIFIED TOWNS
PEOPLE...

A GENDARME
APPEARS...

SA-
CRE
BLEU! THE
WEREWOLF FROM
THE HILLS!

RRR/

LATER IN THE
UNDERGROUND
HEADQUARTERS OF PIERRE,
AN AGENT OF FIGHTING
FRANCE..

THE BULLETS
HAVE NO EFFECT..
HE IS A DEMON!

HA! HA!

ZIS IS
FIGHTING FRANCE
STATION ZERO
CALLING AMERICA..
ARE YOU
THERE —
AMERICA?

WHILE IN AMERICA,
U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
THE WEREWOLF STRIKES
AGAIN AND AGAIN: BUT ONLY
FRENCHMEN IN UNOCCUPIED
FRANCE, NO GERMANS! WE
NEED YOUR HELP,
MONSIEUR!

MADERA
WINE

STILL LATER STEEL STERLING IS CALLED IN BY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...

YOU KNOW MOST OF THE STORY. CAN YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WERE WOLF?

I'LL START AT ONCE FOR FRANCE!

OUTSIDE...

GEE WALLPERS. STEEL... YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE?

YES, CLANCY I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB ON HAND!

BOY! I'D SURE LIKE TO GO WITH YOU!

YEAH! WHAT DO YOU SAY, STEEL... KIN WE COME ALONG!

I CERTAINLY COULD USE YOU IF YOU COULD SPEAK FRENCH!

PARLEY VOO FRANCAIS? GEE, I'M A LINGUIST!

SO CLANCY TAKES FRENCH TO HIS HEART, AND TO HIS HEAD...

FRENCH IN TEN EASY LESSONS

Devon CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN FRENCH

MASTER FRENCH THE RECORD WAY. BE A MASTER OF THE ROMAN LANG

PETIT ET LA PARIS -- PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAISE

WHEW! YOU BETTER GIVE UP!

WOW! I'M EXHAUSTED I'M GONNA HIT THE WAY!

NEXT MORNING...

LOONEY! WAKE UP! WE GOTTA FINISH OUR FRENCH LESSONS!

ZZZZZZZ CHERCHEZ LA FEMME! SNORE!

BUT INSTEAD OF FRENCH STEEL STERLING'S VOICE BOOMS FROM THE PHONOGRAPH...

HELLO, YOU LINGUIST! I'M SORRY, I COULDN'T WAIT! I'LL TAKE YOU ON MY NEXT TRIP. AW, THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK, JUST WHEN I WAS LEARNING WHAT L'AMOUR MEANS!

TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A PLANE NEARS THE COAST OF FRANCE.

BETTER GET THE RUBBER BOAT READY, WE'RE NEARING SHORE. STEEL!

RIGHTO AND THANKS!

BETTER HIDE THIS
BOAT IN THE RUSHES!

THIS IS THE REGION WHERE THE
WEREWOLF IS MOST OFTEN
SEEN... I'LL JUST HIDE
THE BOAT
AND...

SUDDENLY, A PIERCING
SCREAM OF HORROR
AND STEEL LOOKS
UP TO SEE

THE
WEREWOLF!

HELP!
MON DIEU!
HELP!

THE WEREWOLF LEAPS...

THEN THE ZIPPING FIGURE OF THE MAN OF
STEEL AS HE CHARGES TO THE RESCUE.

AGHHH!

YOU'VE DONE
ENOUGH KILLING.
YOU UGLY SON
OF SATAN!

UGH!
HE'S AS
STRONG AS
THE DEVIL
HIMSELF!



AND WHILE STERLING CLEARS THE COB-
WEBS FROM HIS REELING BRAIN,
THE WEREWOLF RUNS OFF WITH ITS
UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM...

WHEW!

YOU DON'T
GIVE ME THE SLIP
THAT EASILY, TALL
DARK AND UGLY!

SUDDENLY...
STEEL'S FOOT
ENGAGES A
CONCEALED
WIRE...

AND A LANDMINE
EXPLODES UNDER-
FOOT WITH A
TERRIFIC DETON-
ATION...

BOOM

HE'S GONE!
I'D BETTER
CONTACT PIERRE,
THE FIGHTING FRANCE
AGENT... HE SHOULD
KNOW MORE ABOUT
THIS!

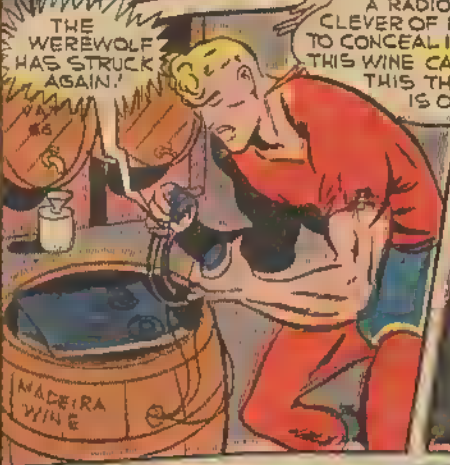
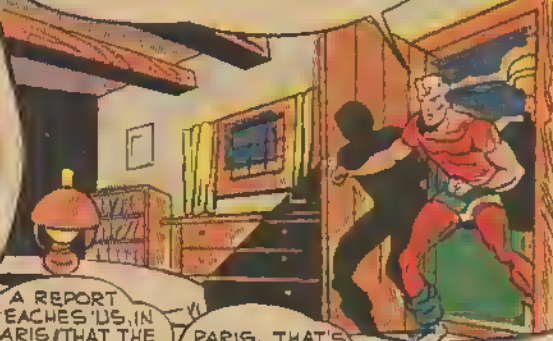
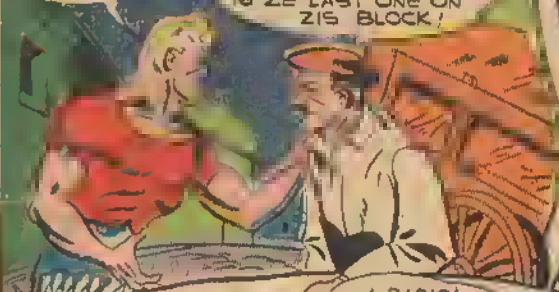
WOW, THAT GOON
LED ME RIGHT
INTO THAT ONE!
WHOEEY!

IN THE VILLAGE...

WHERE CAN I FIND PIERRE PASCAL?

SACRE! LE BON DIEU KNOWS! HAVE YOU NOT HEARD? HE WAS SEIZED BY THE WEREWOLF.. HIS HOUSE IS ZE LAST ONE ON ZIS BLOCK!

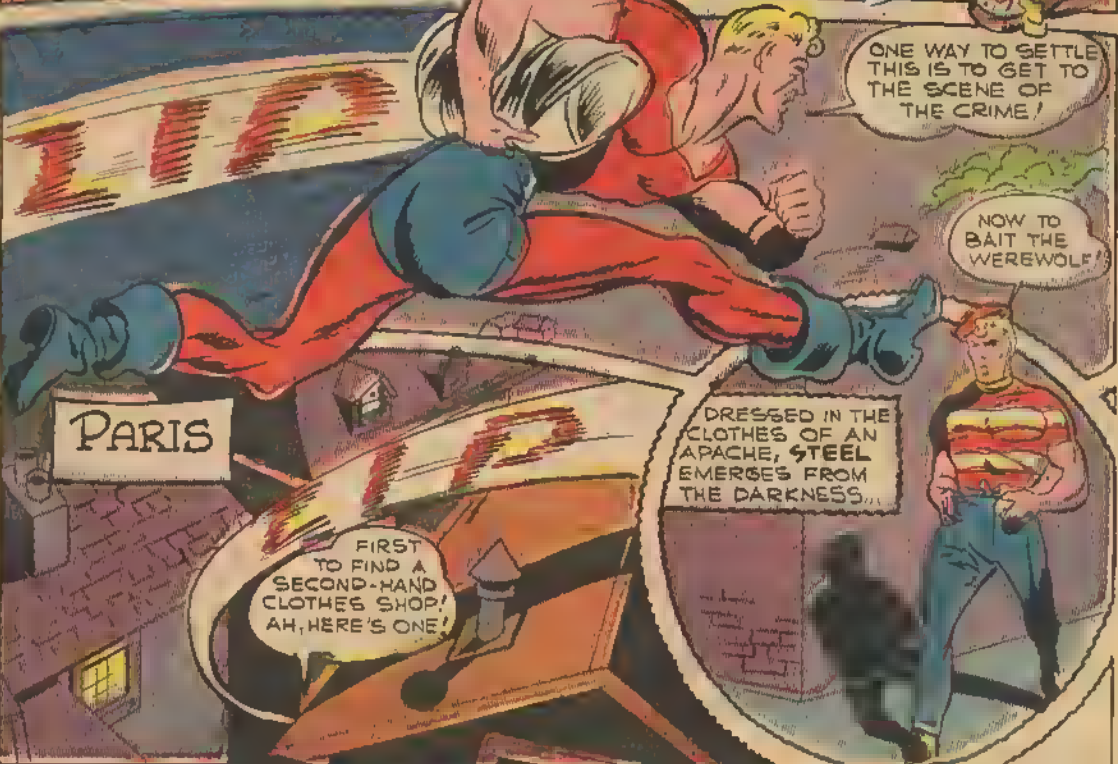
SO THE WEREWOLF GOT PIERRE. EHT CURIOUS HOW THAT CREATURE ONLY GOES AFTER GERMANY'S ENEMIES... I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND PIERRE'S PLACE!



A RADIO! CLEVER OF PIERRE TO CONCEAL IT IN THIS WINE CASK! SAY THIS THING IS ON!

A REPORT REACHES US, IN PARIS THAT THE WEREWOLF WAS JUST SEEN STALKING THE ROOFTOPS!

PARIS... THAT'S TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM HERE! HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THERE?



ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS IS TO GET TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

NOW TO BAIT THE WEREWOLF!

PARIS

FIRST TO FIND A SECOND-HAND CLOTHES SHOP! AH, HERE'S ONE!

DRESSED IN THE CLOTHES OF AN APACHE, STEEL EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS...

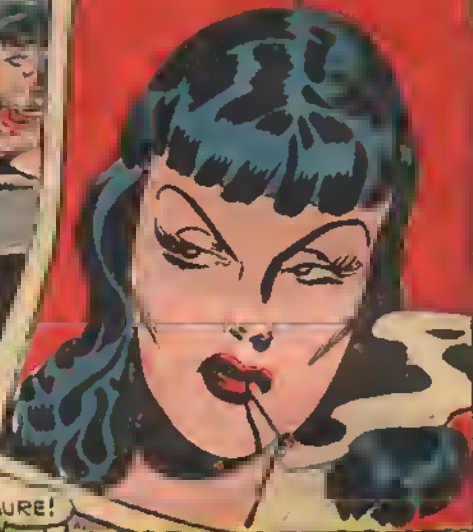


LATER IN THE
DARK RECESS
OF A PARISIAN
CAFE...

OUI, ME, JACQUES,
I COULD STRANGLE
ZE WEREWOLF
WIZ MY BARE
HANDS!

YOU ARE
BOASTFUL
MON CHERE!

HAVE YOU
ACTUALLY
ENCOUNTERED
ZE WEREWOLF?



ME, JACQUES
BUT YES...!
WEESH HE
WAIRE HERE
NOW!

HMM... ZEN
ACCOMPANY
ME HOME. I AM
AFRAID TO WALK
ZE STREETS
T'NIGHT!

WIZ
PLEASURE!



EVEN AS THEY STROLL
THROUGH CROOKED ALLEYS
WELL, I CERTAINLY TALKED
LONG AND LOUD ENOUGH. IF
MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I
SHOULD BEON THE
RECEIVING END OF
A VISIT FROM
IT SOON!



WHAT IN...
THE WEREWOLF!

EEEE!
M'SIEUR!
HELP!



I'LL BE A
MONKEY'S UNCLE!
WHY DID THAT CREA-
TURE TAKE THE GIRL
AND LEAVE ME ALONE?
THAT'S SOMETHING
I DIDN'T FIGURE
ON!

GONE... HE
MUST'VE
DUCKED DOWN
THAT OPEN
SEWER!

WOW... I WOULD LOSE THEM
IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS!
NOW I REALLY HAVE
A JOB ON MY HANDS!

WHILE FURTHER ALONG,
THE WEREWOLF EXPERTLY
TREADS HIS WAY THROUGH
THE MAZE OF CHANNELS.

A PIECE
OF THE
GIRL'S
DRESS
CATCHES
ON A
JAGGED
PIPE...

HE MUST'VE TROTTED
DOWN HERE... HMM...
WHAT'S THAT ON
THE PIPE?

A PART OF
HER DRESS.
I'M NOT FAR
BEHIND!

HERE SHE IS,
HERR DOKTOR!...
A PERFECT
SPECIMEN!

GOOD!
I SHALL
OPERATE
AT ONCE!

WELL, OUR LITTLE
BRITISH SPY IS AWAKE.
HOW NICE! SO YOU
CAME HERE TO TRAP
THE WERE-
WOLF, DID
YOU?

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
YOUR FUN'S OVER!

WHA ?

SO YOU'D BETTER
JUST DROP THE
HACK-SAW...

AND LIE DOWN
ON THE FLOOR
WITH IT!

SPLAT

THE VICIOUS WOLFMAN
RUSHES INTO
THE FRAY.

I'LL KILL YOU!
I'LL CUT YOUR
FACE TO
RIBBONS!

MAYBE NOT,
DOGFACE!

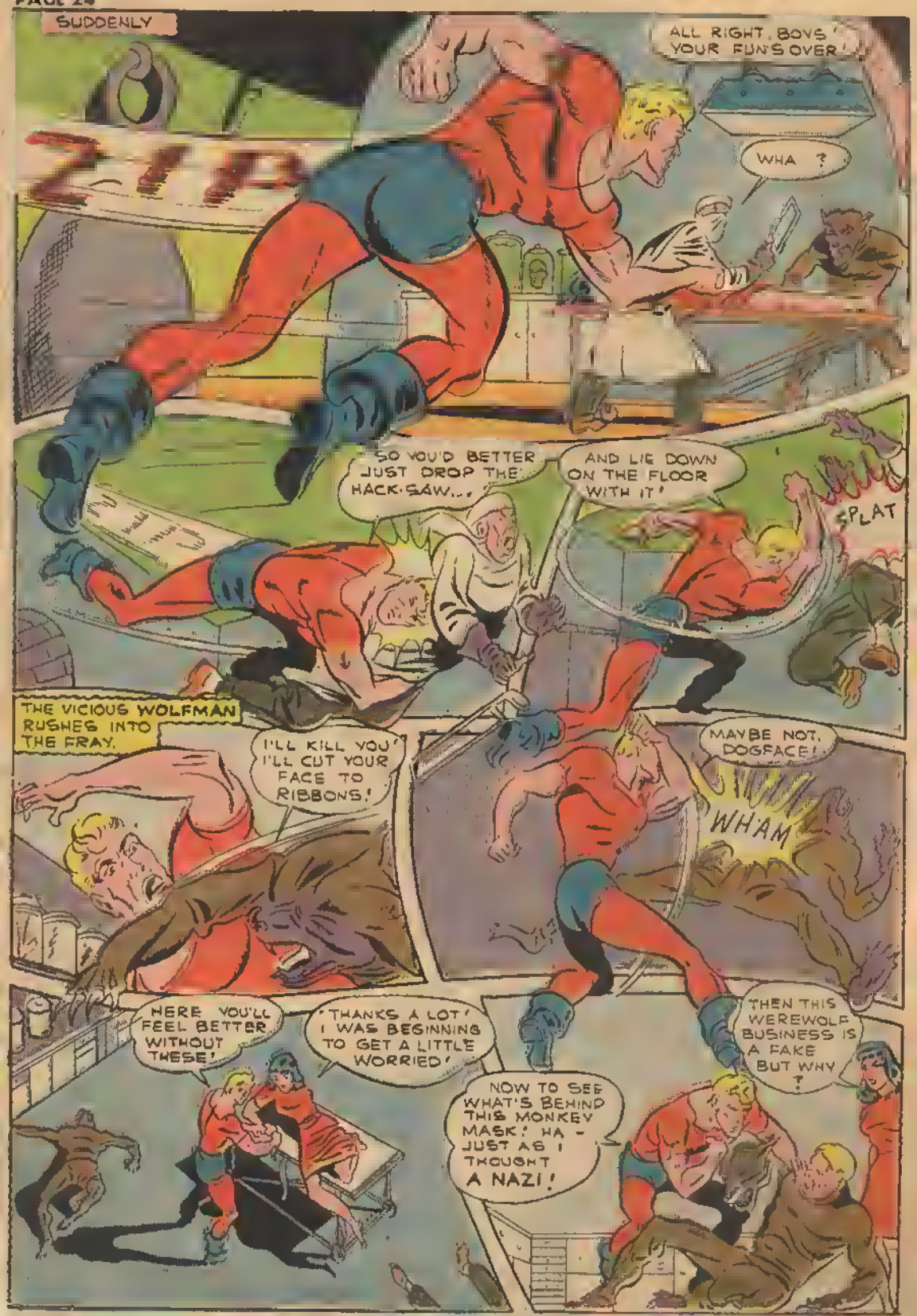
WHAM

HERE YOU'LL
FEEL BETTER
WITHOUT
THESE!

'THANKS A LOT!
I WAS BEGINNING
TO GET A LITTLE
WORRIED'

THEN THIS
WEREWOLF
BUSINESS IS
A FAKE
BUT WHY
?

NOW TO SEE
WHAT'S BEHIND
THIS MONKEY
MASK! HA -
JUST AS I
THOUGHT
A NAZI!



YES, WHY? SPEAK UP OR I'LL YANK YOUR HEAD OFF AND PUT IT IN ONE OF THOSE JARS!

U.P. STOP! I'LL TALK!

THE CHERMAN ARMY NEEDED FLESH... LIVING FLESH UND BONES... DER VEREVOLF VAS A GOOD VAY TO GET IT FROM DER FRENCH VICTIMS!



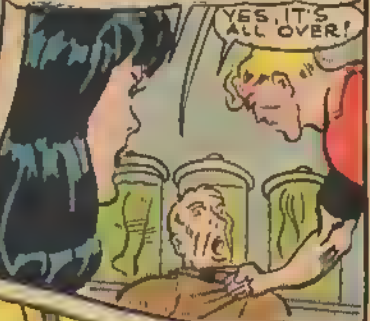
BUT WHY... WHAT FOR?

TO USE IN SURGERY ON CHERMAN SOLDIERS WHO WERE WOUNDED AND NEEDED SKIN AND BONES TO BE GRAFTED ON...

VE COULDN'T OPENLY SEIZE DER FRENCH... DER REPERCUSSIONS FROM DIS CRUELTY WOULD HAVE DEFEATED OUR PURPOSE, SO VE DEVISED DER VERE - VOLVES!

SO... MY WORK IS DONE, I'D BEEN SENT BY THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE WEREWOLVES!

BUT THESE NAZIS SHOULD BE TAUGHT A LESSON... WE'LL BRING THEM TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND HEAD - QUARTERS!



YES, IT'S ALL OVER!



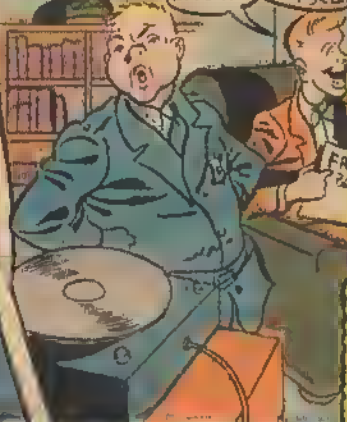
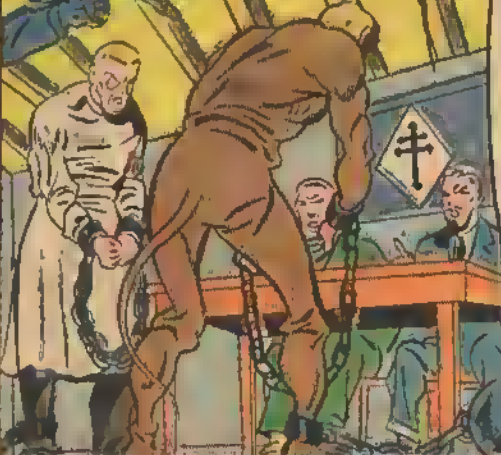
AND AT THE FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS...

YOU WILL BE PAID BACK FOR ALL THE PAIN AND MISERY YOU'VE BROUGHT UPON THE FRENCH PEOPLE... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU... VERY EFFICIENTLY!

SOME TIME LATER BACK IN AMERICA...

POLLY VOO FRAUNSAY! LE MAY ZONE THE HOUSE, LE...

STILL PLUGGING, EH BOYSIWELL. THAT'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT IN COMMON WITH THE WEREWOLF... HEY, LOOK YOU BOTH MURDER THE FRENCH!



C'EST LA GUERRE! ET LES TROIS MAGNIQUE HOMMES... OOP... SORRY... WE FORGOT OURSELVES FOR A MINUTE. WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO SAY IS THAT STEEL STERLING AND HIS TWO SUPER-STOOGES, CLANCY AND LOONEY, TANGLE WITH THE AXIS POWERS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS. DON'T FORGET TO GET YOUR COPY!

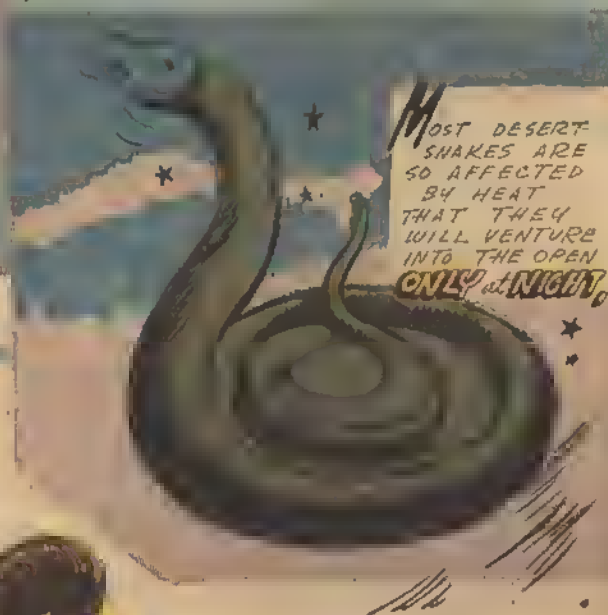
WORLD WONDERS

THE FIRST
SUBMARINE
ATTACK ON THE
BRITISH FLEET
WAS MADE BY
A CORPS OF
AMERICAN
ENGINEERS IN
1776. THE FIRST
SUBMARINE, DESIGNED
BY DAVID BUSHNELL,
BLASTED THE
BRITISH FLAGSHIP
LYING AT ANCHOR
IN NEW YORK
HARBOR!



A BED OF ROSES

AMONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS
THE PEOPLE OF HIGH RANK
ACTUALLY SLEPT ON MATTRESSES
FILLED WITH ROSE
PETALS!



MOST DESERT
SHAKES ARE
SO AFFECTED
BY HEAT
THAT THEY
WILL VENTURE
INTO THE OPEN
ONLY AT NIGHT!



THE GREAT NAPOLEON, CONQUEROR
OF EUROPE **WAS DEADLY
AFRAID OF CATS!**

THE STARS SHINE DOWN—ON CRIME!

A STEEL STERLING STORY

IT WAS night. The stars gleamed out of the depths of blackness. Alce Ben Lunar, better known as Looney, was doing a little star-gazing on his roof through a large telescope.

"Boy, you can see miles with this, Steel. You wanna look?"

Steel Sterling said nothing. He was lost in thought, looking skyward, thinking: "That moon that shines so peacefully over here, is lighting the way for bombers all over Europe. I wish more people would think of that when they——"

"Come on, Steel, you're missing something!" Steel rose to his feet, and glanced through the finder.

"Say, where've you been pointing this? Is that the moon I'm supposed to be looking at? It looks a lot more like Tom Johnston's back yard on Elm Avenue!"

Looney glanced at the indicator. "Gee, I'm sorry, Steel," he murmured, "I must have knocked against it, or sumethin'. Here, lemme fix it so's you can see——"

"Wait a second," interrupted Steel. "Looks like a couple of prowlers are noseying around the Johnston's place! Let's get over there right away!"

"Sure, I'm right behind you, I—b-but it's two and a half miles away! My feet aren't what they——"

Not waiting for Looney's hesitant reply, Steel grabbed hold of him, and with the latter's thin frame firmly tucked under his arm . . . Steel Sterling zipped off into the night towards Elm Avenue.

Tom Johnston's house was quite still when Steel arrived. "We'll go round the back," he whispered. "H-hey, wait a second, I . . . " "Sh-sh-sh!" cautioned Steel! Cautiously, The Man of

Steel hurried round to the far side of the house.

"H-hey Steel, p-please . . . " "QUIET!" Steel Sterling began to become angry.

"B-but all I wanted was for you to put me down, Steel! I'm still under your arm!" Moments later Looney tapped his friend on the shoulder: "Look! In there!" Sure enough, a pencil of light was darting about in the upstairs room, furtively sneaking along the walls and ceiling as if searching for something. Instinctively Steel started up the lattice-work outside the sun-porch. A cloud fled along the sky, obscuring the full moon and casting a deep shadow all over the house. Steel gained the roof of the porch, and softly crept round the far end. Suddenly the cloud passed, and he was caught in the full light of the moon.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing up there?" It was the shout of a policeman. A policeman whose voice was oddly familiar.

"Better not stop to explain or they'll get away," whispered Looney from behind. Steel nodded silently.

In the flash of an instant, he dove through the upper window and swept into the room. "Down the hall!" Like a juggernaut, Sterling swooped out of the darkness upon the prowlers. He lashed out into the inky-blackness, his fists thudding against two forms. Grunts and oaths filled the air.

Suddenly from below, the front-door was heard to open. Someone came bounding up the stairs. "It's that cop," thought Looney as he hung onto one of the intruders.

That moment the lights were flashed on and two shots rang out.

Bullets whistled over Steel's head. The policeman uttered a sharp intake of breath, a red stain crept down his dark blue jacket, and he tumbled flat on his face.

"It's Clancy!" cried Looney in dismay. That second's hesitation enabled the marauders to escape. But they hadn't counted on Steel Sterling—like an uncoiled cobra, he was after them.

"CLANCY! CLANCY! Speak to me!" Tears of anxiety in his voice, Looney bent over the recumbent form of his friend. Clancy opened his eyes slowly.

"Looney, I guess they got me! So long, p-pall!"

When Steel Sterling returned, dragging the two unconscious forms after him, he found Looney lying beside Clancy, weeping. "C-Clancy, th-they got him!" Looney went off into tears.

Steel dropped his burden and swiftly crossed to Officer Clancy. He bent down and sniffed suspiciously at the latter's jacket. Then he felt his pulse.

"He only fainted," he announced. "Wipe that cherry soda off his tunic, and let's get down to headquarters with these two-bit crooks! The bullet hit a soda bottle he had in his pocket."

Hours later when the three of them gathered on Looney's roof, Officer Clancy, turned sheepishly to his pals.

"I don't know what could have come over me. I clean forgot about that bottle of cherry soda."

Looney was manipulating his new telescope.

Suddenly a voice from a corner of the roof made him stop. It was Steel Sterling, still watching the stars. Quietly he said: "Be sure to keep that telescope aimed at the moon, Looney! There's less trouble brewing up there!"

BLACK JACK



ALL RIGHT!
THIS IS A RAID!

FELDMAN

YOU GUYS
SHOULD KNOW BETTER
THAN TO TRY TO RUN
A GAMBLING JOINT RIGHT ON MY
BEAT. GET UP AGAINST THE WALL
AND GIVE MY MEN YOUR
NAMES AND ADDRESSES!

CHOP SCATTERED BETWEEN THE
THE SUEY SHOPS WHICH LINE
THE GAMBLING JOINTS WHICH ARE
RESPECTABLE AND OTHERWISE PAL-
AN EVENING LAST RELAXATION. THESE PLACES
NEVER LAST LONG, FOR THE POLICE
DOWN MERCILESSLY AS SOON AS THEY
DISCOVER THEM.
OUR STORY OPENS AT
THE FAN YAN CLUB...

THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, AH KIM! GET ON THAT LINE!... YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!

JUMPIN...! HE'S... DEAD!!!

BLACK JACK AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER RUSH FORWARD.

HOLY CATS! DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN, SARGE?

YES MURDOCK. WHO IS HE?

HE'S AH KIM... THE RICHEST RUG MERCHANT IN THE CITY. GAMBLING WAS HIS ONLY VICE... AND HE DIDN'T DO MUCH OF THAT!... HEY, SOMETHING'S WRITTEN ON THIS CARD.

Ane who cheats at cards deserves death. FAN TAN

I DON'T GET IT, MURDOCK. FAN TAN'S THE NAME OF THIS CLUB, ISN'T IT? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

WAIT A MINUTE... I'LL FIND OUT SOMETHING! ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW A MAN CALLED FAN TAN?

FAN TAN'S A CHINESE CARD GAME. SOME OF THESE GUYS WOULD RATHER PLAY IT THAN SLEEP. GUESS THIS IS ONE OF THEM GAMBLING MURDERS!

SILENCE!



NO NO! AH KIM WAS AN HONEST MAN!

HE WAS HEAD OF THE CHINESE WAR RELIEF FUND. HE WOULDN'T CHEAT. HE PLAYED CARDS FOR RELAXATION ONLY!



LET ME HANDLE THIS, MURDOCK! YOU MEN - YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CODE OF HONOR, AND IF YOU WON'T TALK... WHY, YOU WON'T! BUT JUST TELL ME ONE THING, DO YOU THINK AH KIM CHEATED AT FAN TAN?

NOT SURE THIS IS JUST A GAMBLING MURDER. DO YOU KNOW WHERE AH KIM LIVED, MURDOCK?

SURE! HE LIVES WITH HIS DAUGHTER, LOTUS, RIGHT NEXT TO HIS STORE AT 72 DOY!



OKAY, THEN, I'M ON MY WAY!

BLACK JACK LEAPS INTO HIS CAR AND SPEEDS OFF TOWARD DOY STREET.

IT SHOULDN'T BE VERY FAR FROM HERE!



HOP



WELL, THIS IS IT! HIS NAME'S RIGHT ON THE WINDOW!



SCREECH

ISN'T THERE ANYONE HOME?



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. WHAT IS IT, PLEASE?

YOU'RE AH KIM'S DAUGHTER, AREN'T YOU? I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU

YOU'D BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK! YOUR FATHER'S DEAD MURDERED!

OH, NO! NO! WHO DID IT? HE HAD NO ENEMIES EVERYONE IN CHINATOWN LOVED HIM! WHO DID IT?



THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW! HE WAS FOUND DEAD AT THE FAN TAN CLUB!

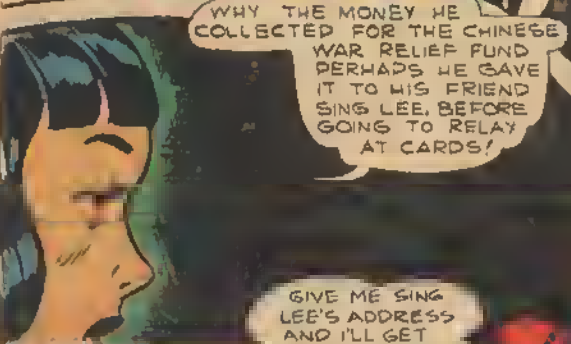
THE FAN TAN CLUB? DID HE HAVE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH HIM?

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAT TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?

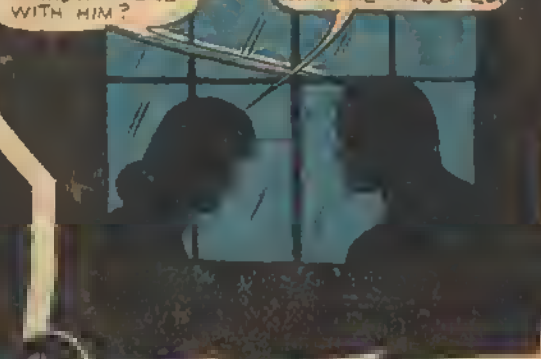


I SEE! DID HE TELL ANYONE OTHER THAN SING LEE THAT HE HAD THAT MUCH MONEY WITH HIM?

NO ONE! NO ONE AT ALL! SING LEE WAS THE ONLY MAN HE TRUSTED!



WHY THE MONEY HE COLLECTED FOR THE CHINESE WAR RELIEF FUND PERHAPS HE GAVE IT TO HIS FRIEND SING LEE, BEFORE GOING TO RELAY AT CARDS!



GIVE ME SING LEE'S ADDRESS AND I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE!



I'LL TAKE YOU MYSELF! IT'S ONLY A FEW DOORS AWAY! COME ON!

SECONDS LATER THEY ARRIVE
AT SING LEE'S HOUSE



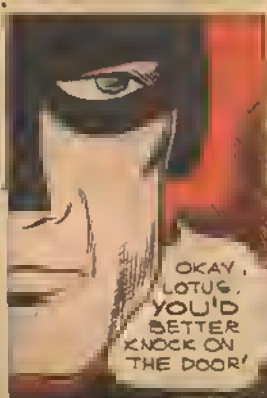
HE LIVES
RIGHT AT
THE HEAD
OF THESE
STAIRS!



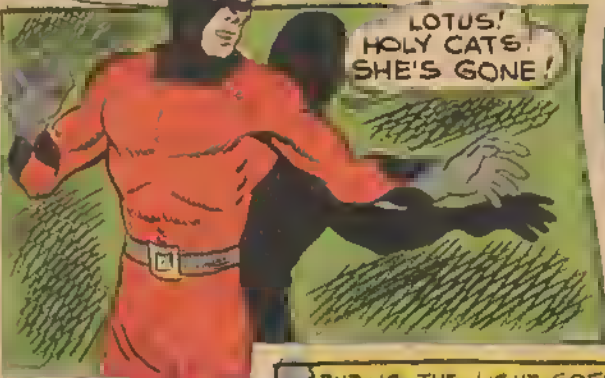
GOOD! WE MAY
FIND THE SOLUTION
TO THE MYSTERY
UP THERE!



OKAY,
LOTUS,
YOU'D
BETTER
KNOCK ON
THE DOOR!



LOTUS!
HOLY CATS!
SHE'S GONE!



I'LL SEE IF I
CAN GET ANY
MORE LIGHT
IN THIS
PLACE!



I'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH!

BUT AS THE LIGHT GOES ON.

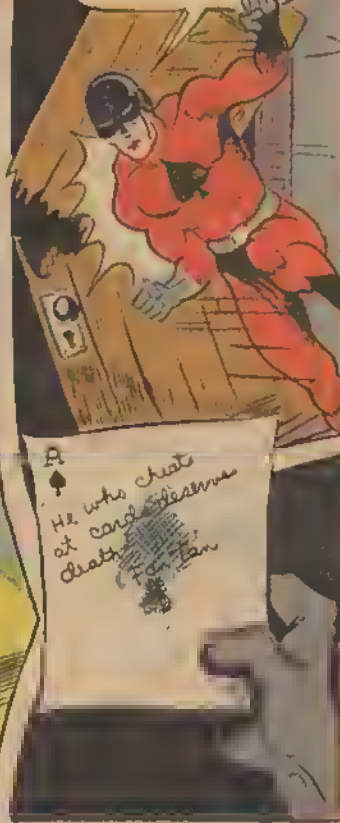
WHAT'S
THAT?



THIS MUST BE
SING LEE! AND . . . AND
THERE'S A CARD
NEAR HIS
HAND!



A
He who cheats
at card games
dies
F. Lee



NO CHANCE FOR
THIS FELLOW! HE'S
PLENTY DEAD!

SUDDENLY...
YES, MY FRIEND...HE'S
DEAD! AND YOU'RE
NEXT!

TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO FAN TAN
IS, ARE YOU? WELL, THIS IS
MY CALLING CARD!

I DON'T LIKE THAT
KIND OF CALLING
CARD, PAL!

YOUR REPUTATION
FOR CLEVERNESS
IS GOING TO BRING
ABOUT YOUR DEATH!
I'M NOT TAKING
ANY CHANCES ON
YOUR SOLVING
THIS CASE!

THEN HOW
ABOUT THIS
KIND?

AT THAT MOMENT....

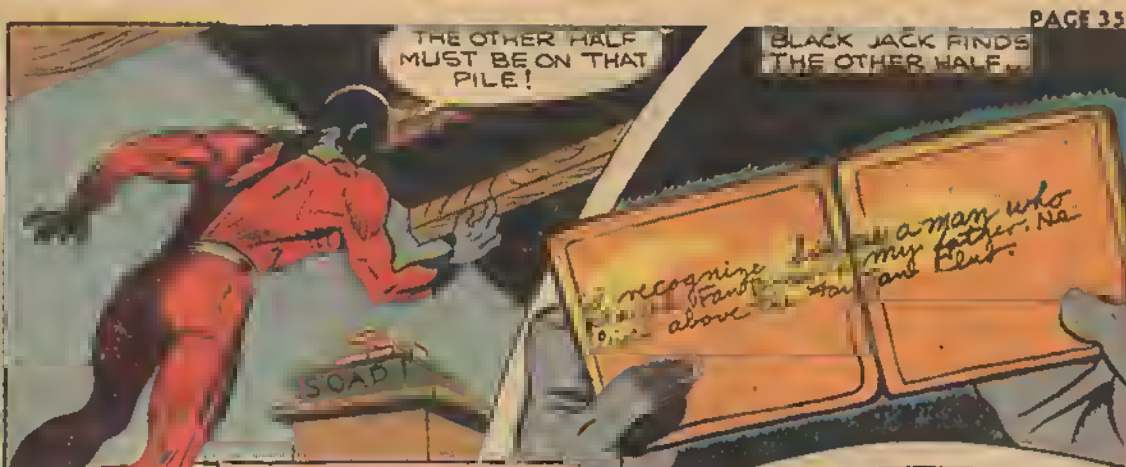
WHAT'S
THAT
?

CLOMP
CLOMP



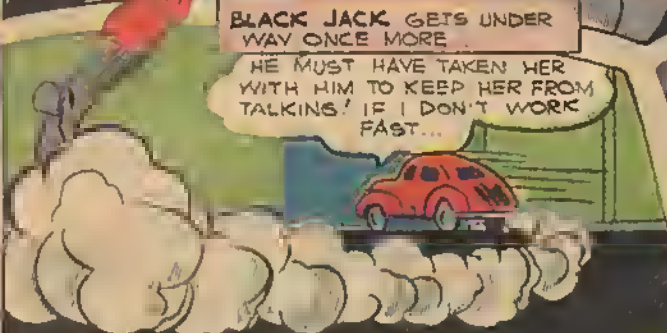
THE OTHER HALF
MUST BE ON THAT
PILE!

BLACK JACK FINDS
THE OTHER HALF...



BLACK JACK GETS UNDER
WAY ONCE MORE

HE MUST HAVE TAKEN HER
WITH HIM TO KEEP HER FROM
TALKING! IF I DON'T WORK
FAST...



THE DOORS LOCKED!
I GUESS THE RAID
MUST BE OVER!



HEY IN THERE!
OPEN UP THIS DOOR!
OPEN UP!

THE DOOR OPENS, AND



SO SORRY! ARRESTS
HAVE BEEN MADE AND
YOUR FRIENDS ARE
GONE! THIS PLACE IS
NOW CLOSED!



WELL, FOR
LOVE
OF...

I HAVEN'T
ANY TIME
TO ARGUE,
PAL!



SO STEP
ASIDE, QUICK!



POOK

NOW LET'S SEE...SHE
SAID HE LIVED
HERE ABOVE
THE CLUB.



AH! THERE'S
MY FRIEND FAN
TAN NOW



SLAM

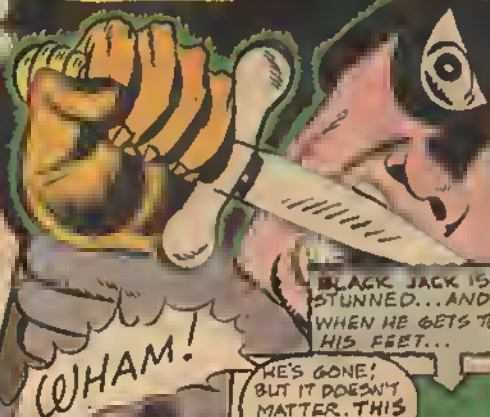
HITTA, PAL

SUDDENLY...

HOLY CATS!

DON'T BET
ON THAT
FANTAN

YOU WHITE RAT
I'LL KILL YOU



BLACK JACK IS
STUNNED...AND
WHEN HE GETS TO
HIS FEET...

WHAM!

HE'S GONE!
BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER. THIS
CASE IS
SOLVED!

FAN TAN, EH?
WHY, YOU'RE
A ...



BLACK JACK
MAKES SOME
PHONE CALLS...

TELL D YOU WERE
BECAUSE I'VE DISCOVERED
THE TRUTH BEHIND THIS
FAN TAN
CASE!

THE ONLY PERSON WHO
COULD HAVE DONE THE
MURDERS WAS SOMEONE
WHO KNEW ABOUT THE
CHINESE RELIEF FUND MONEY...
YES, THAT BUSINESS ABOUT
CHEATING AT
CARDS WAS
JUST AN AT-
TEMPT TO
COVER UP AND
HIDE THE
THEFT!

I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT AND
WONDERED WHO WOULD
HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE
MONEY. IT HAD TO BE A MAN
FOR I'D FOUGHT WITH FAN
TAN AND I KNEW HE WAS
A MAN! SING LEE WAS
DEAD. WHO ELSE THEN
WOULD A KIM TRUST?

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CCP.
THE NEIGHBORHOOD COP!.....
YOU'RE FAN TAN, MURDOCK!
YOU'RE THE KILLER!

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

I KNEW FAN TAN
WAS A WHITE MAN
WHEN I SAW HE HAD SHORT
MANICURED NAILS. A
CHINAMAN OF THE OLD
SCHOOL WOULD HAVE
NAILS AN INCH LONG!

DON'T KID
YOURSELF
PAL....

ALL RIGHT! BUT
NOBODY HERE
WILL EVER LIVE
TO TELL!

YOU'RE ON
YOUR WAY TO
THE HOT SEAT!

FUNNY... A MAN LIKE
MURDOCK TURNING
KILLER. HE WAS A
FOOL TO STEP ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
FENCE. AS A LAW
OFFICER, HE HAD A
GREAT CAREER AHEAD
OF HIM. AS A KILLER,
HE HAD NONE.

MURDER IS
IN THE CAR
NEXT
ISSUE..

THE STRANGEST
MURDER OF
BLACK JACK'S
CAREER. YOU
THINK FANTAN
AS DANGEROUS
WAIT TILL YOU
MEET BLACK
JACK'S
NEXT
OPPONENT

4th Year
OF JANUARY

the END

ZIP COMICS

WORLD WONDERS



THE LUNGFISH IS THE WORLD'S
LONGEST SLEEPER WITH A
RECORD OF HAVING SLEPT
FOR FOUR
YEARS!



SNAKE KILLER
THE "ROADRUNNER" BIRD
WILL ATTACK AND KILL
A RATTLESNAKE!

16th CENTURY

EUROPEAN RECIPE
BOOKS CONTAINED
DIRECTIONS FOR
EATING A LIVE
GOOSE!

Cleopatra

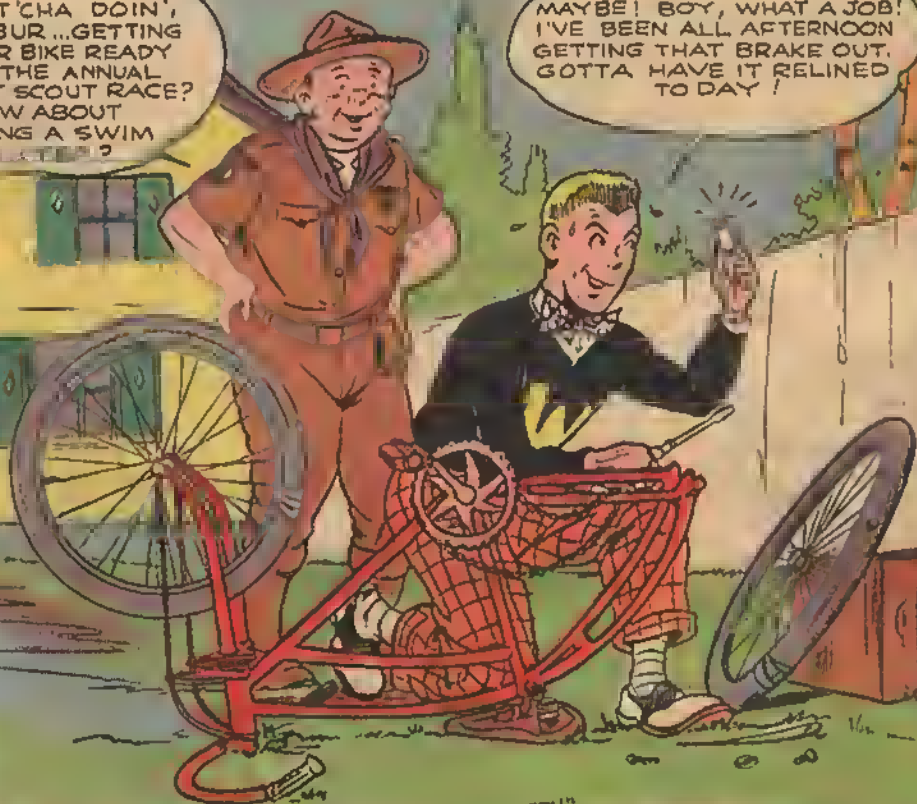
COVERED HER DINING
SALON WITH A CARPET
OF ROSES 1 FOOT THICK



WILBUR

WHAT'CHA DOIN',
WILBUR...GETTING
YOUR BIKE READY
FOR THE ANNUAL
BOY SCOUT RACE?
HOW ABOUT
TAKING A SWIM
LATER?

MAYBE! BOY, WHAT A JOB!
I'VE BEEN ALL AFTERNOON
GETTING THAT BRAKE OUT.
GOTTA HAVE IT RELINED
TODAY!



by
Montana

DOONES BY CUTLER

WILL-BUR!

COME HERE!
I WANT YOU TO
RUN AN ERRAND!

WELL -
THERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER TO
THE
SWIMMING!

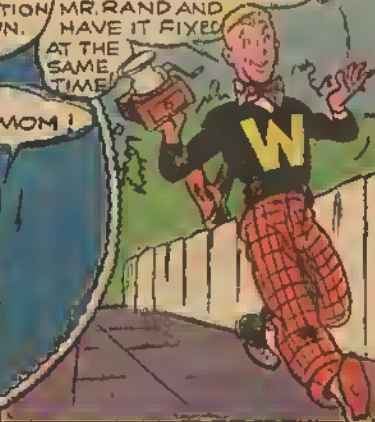
YEAH! S'LONG,
PAL!

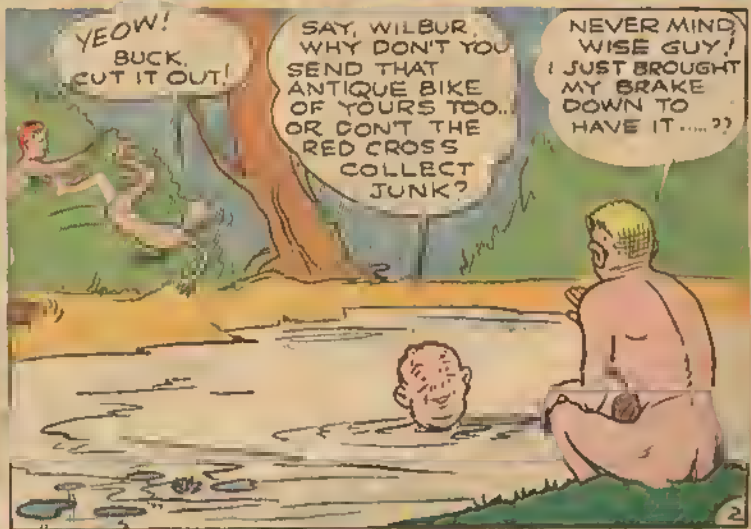
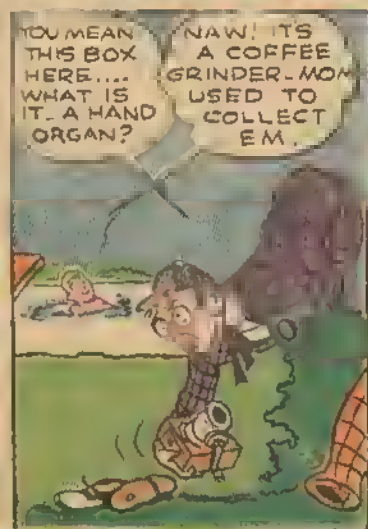
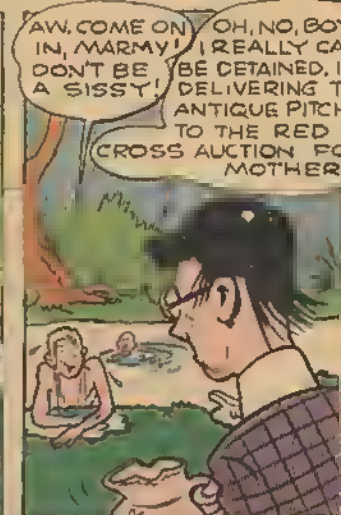
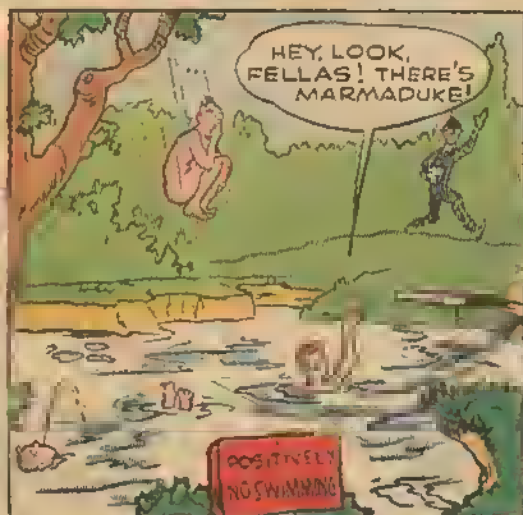
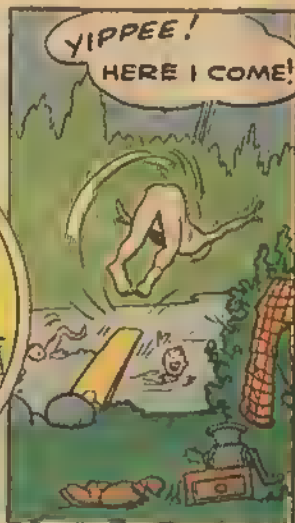
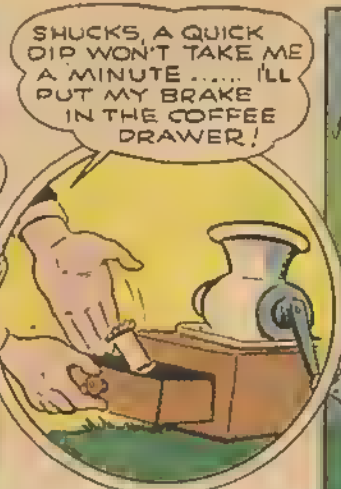
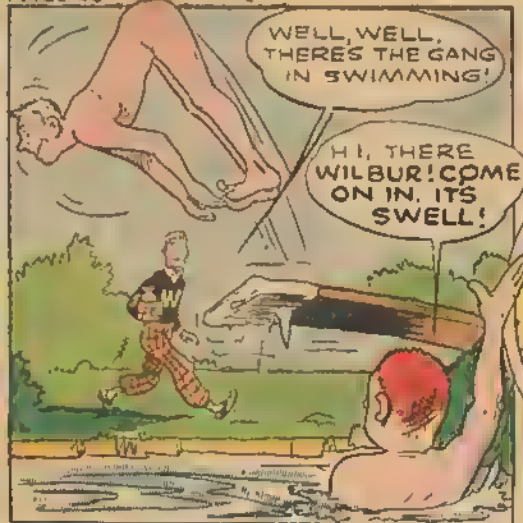
WILBUR - TAKE THIS ANTIQUE
COFFEE GRINDER DOWN
TO THE RED CROSS AUCTION
ON THE CHURCH LAWN.
I PROMISED TO
DONATE IT!

OKAY, MOM!

R.P.-A

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE
MY BRAKE DOWN TO
MR. RAND AND
HAVE IT FIXED
AT THE
SAME
TIME!





HOLY CATS!
I LEFT MY BRAKE IN
THE DRAWER OF THAT
COFFER
GRINDER!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH
WILBUR?

I DUNNO!
BUT DID YOU
EVER SEE ANY-
ONE GET DRESS-
ED SO FAST?

AUCTION
+ TOD

OBOY!!
I HOPE I'M
NOT TOO
LATE..
PUFF PUFF

NOW, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE
HERE A VERY VALUABLE
ANTIQUE COFFEE
GRINDER!



ARE
YOU
INTERESTED
IN THAT COFFEE
GRINDER,
YOUNG
MAN?

Y-Y-YES-SIR,
IN THE DRAWER
... MY....

IS IT WORTH
ONE DOLLAR?

A DOLLAR?
FOR THAT BRAKE?
WHY, IT'S WORTH
FIVE
DOLLARS!

SOLD!

TO THE YOUNG MAN
WITH THE 'W' ON HIS
SWEATER FOR \$5.00

YOU CAN GET IT
RIGHT OVER, THERE AT
THE CASHIER'S DESK...
AFTER YOU PAY!

OH!

BUT I HAVEN'T
GOT FIVE
DOLLARS!

OH! YOU WANT
IT SENT C.O.D.,
HEH? WHAT'S
THE NAME
AND ADDRESS?

GOSH-I'VE GOT TO GET HOME BEFORE THEY DELIVER THAT GRINDER AND....



BACK BY THE SWIMMING HOLE...

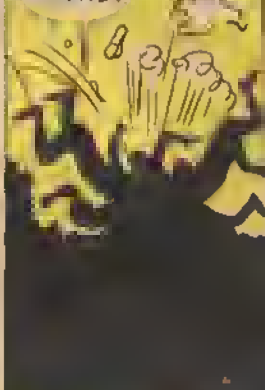


SHHHH! HERE COMES WILBUR NOW...GET READY

PUFF! PUFF!

HOLD 'IM! TAKE HIS SHIRT OFF! GET HIS PANTS!

HEY! FELLAS, WAIT! I GOTTA HEY!



ONE! TWO! THREE!



MEANWHILE AT WILBUR'S HOME...

BUT THE NAME HERE SAYS WILKIN, AND THERE'S FIVE DOLLAR DUE!

WELL THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. I DIDN'T BUY IT! I DONATED IT! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT BACK!



SOON...

GEE WHIZ! THOSE DARN GUYS PICK THE FUNNIEST TIMES TO GET GAY.

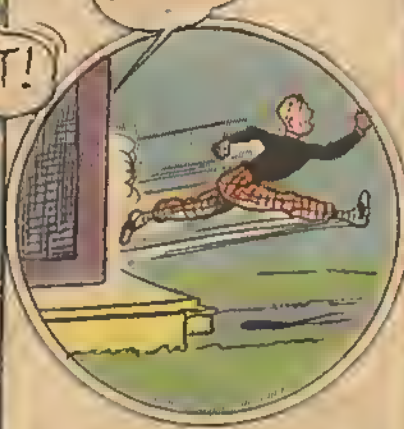


OH THERE YOU ARE! WILBUR, I WISH YOU'D GET THINGS STRAIGHT. THE AUCTION BROUGHT THAT COFFEE GRINDER BACK HERE AND I HAD TO SEND IT BACK!

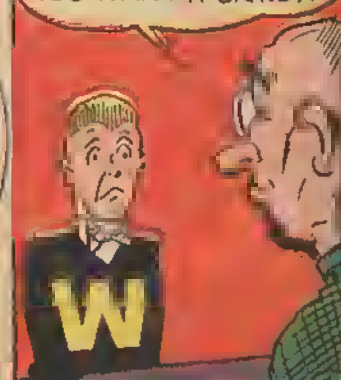
WHAT!



WILBUR!



SORRY, SON, THAT COFFEE GRINDER WAS JUST SOLD MAN IN A STRAW HAT, I THINK! WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT!



BOY! IF WILBUR ONLY KNEW THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT WAS HIS DAD... MR. WILKIN...

DUM TEE DUM!
I GUESS I WAS PRETTY LUCKY TO GET THIS FOR 10! THE WIFE SURE USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THESE!

MY! I WON'T THE LITTLE WOMEN BE SUPRISED!

NUTS! YOU TRY TO DO SOMETHING NICE AN' WHAT DO YOU GET... MUMBLE... MUMBLE... HMMM, THERE'S WILBUR'S BIKE!

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A RIDE WHILE THE WIFE COOLS OFF! HEH-HEH- TAKES ME BACK TO MY BOYHOOD!

WILBUR, WILL YOU PLEASE GET RID OF THIS THING FOR ME? IF I SEE IT AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM!

YES'M! GOLLY, AM I TIRED, I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY STRAW HATS IN TOWN AND I STOPPED EVERY ONE!

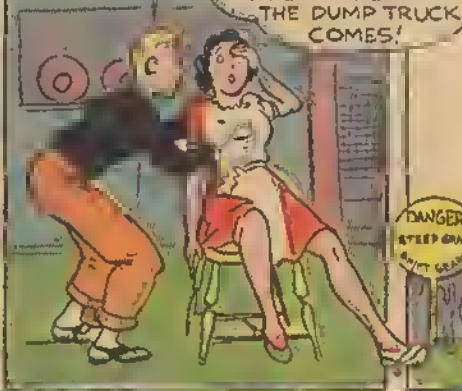
THE COFFEE GRINDER!! WOW! AND HERE'S THE BRAKE TO MY BIKE!

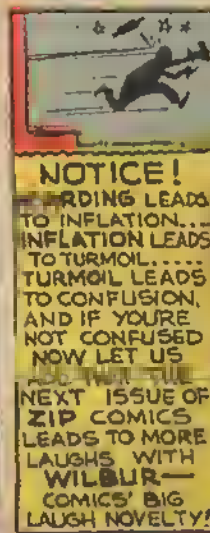
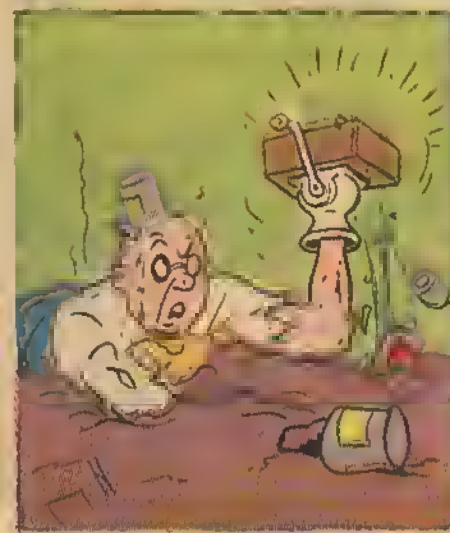
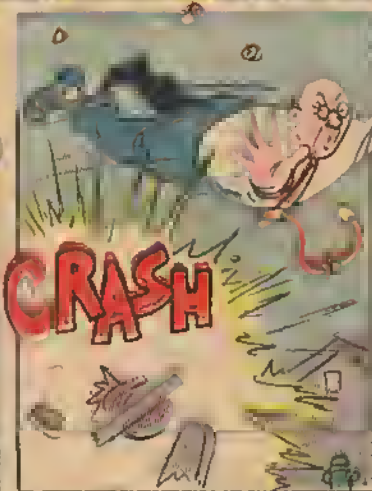
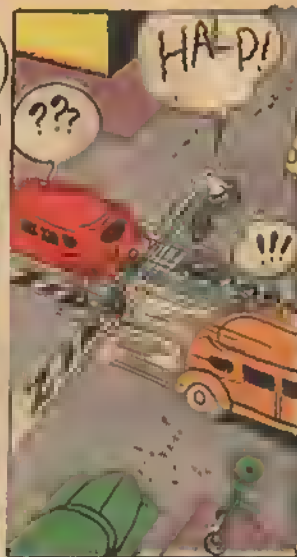
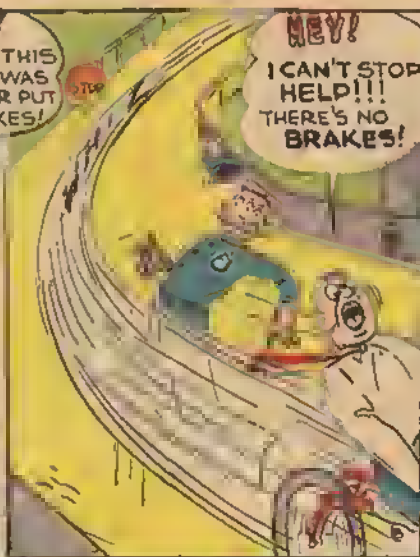
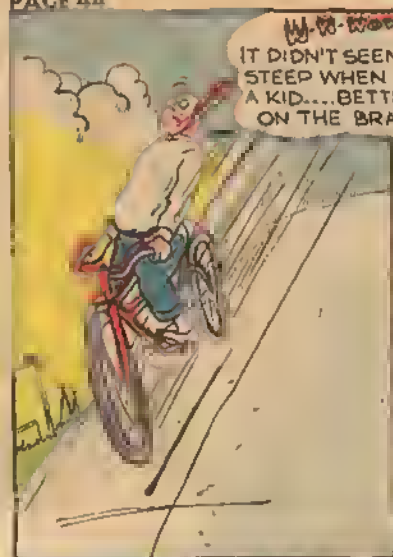
YOUR BICYCLE BRAKE? YOU MEAN YOUR BICYCLE HAS NO BRAKE..ON... IT?

MOM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT! HERE TAKE A DRINK!

GOOH! YOUR FATHER TOOK A RIDE ON YOUR BICYCLE!... NOW WILL YOU THROW THAT COFFEE GRINDER IN THE ASH CAN BEFORE THE DUMP TRUCK COMES!

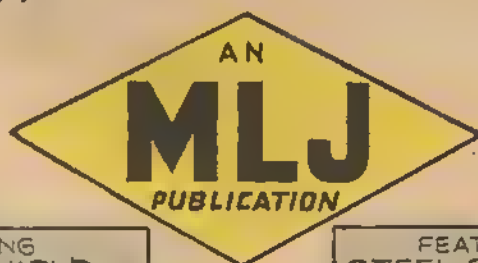
BY GOLLY, I HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN SNAKE HILL ON A BICYCLE SINCE I WAS A KID!





LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

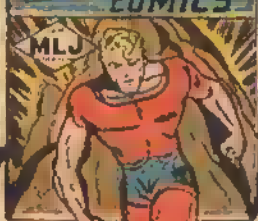
FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN

PEP
COMICS

ZIP
COMICS

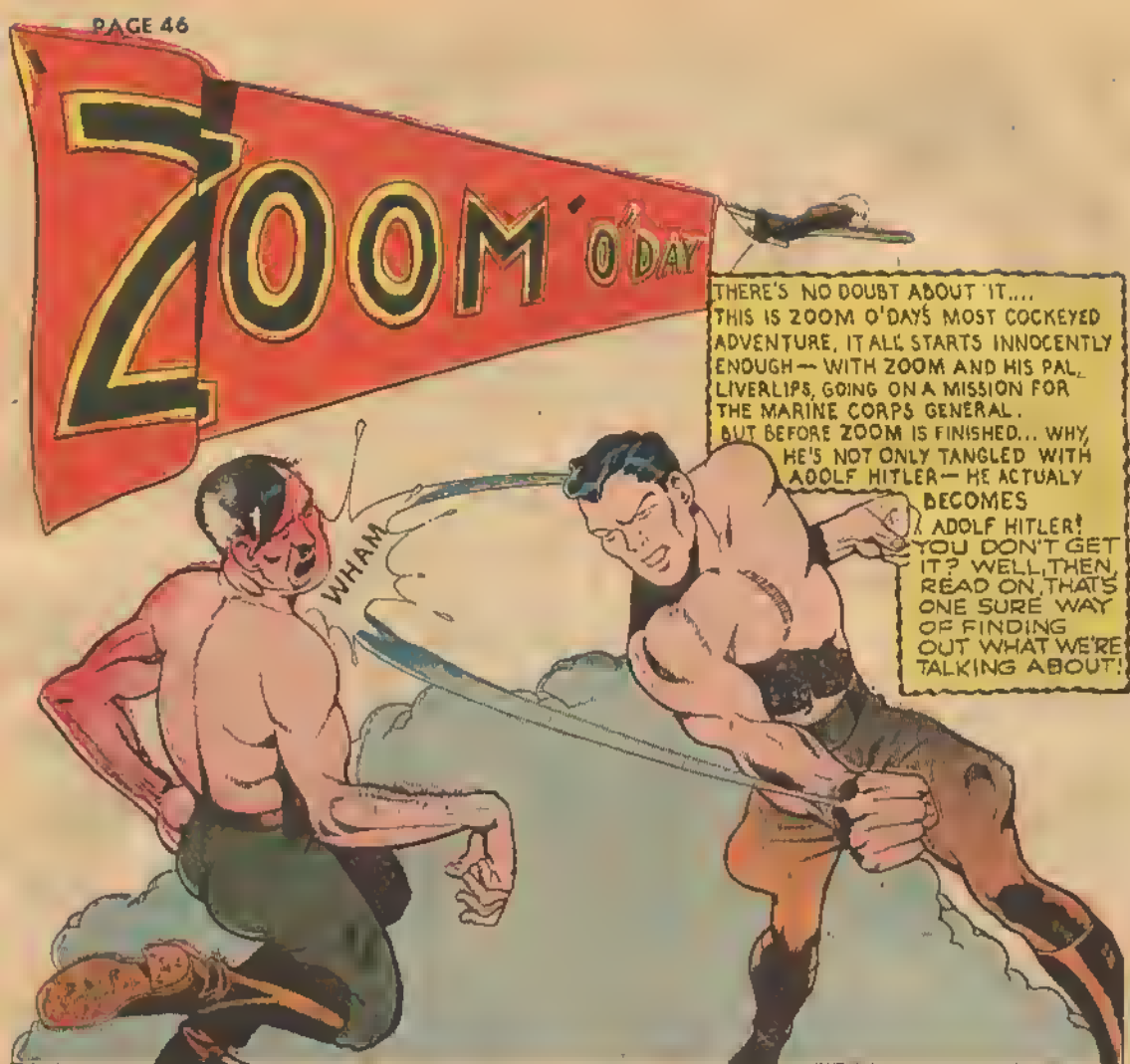
FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD

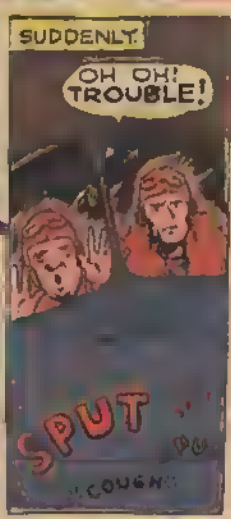
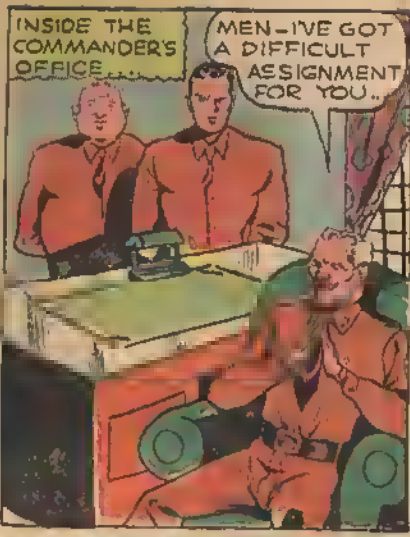


FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD

MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!





NOW A LITTLE OF THIS
BURNT CORK, AND A
CHANGE OF HAIR-DO,
AND.....

GUESS WHO?

YOU LOOK SO
MUCH LIKE DAT
BUM DAT I WUZ
GONNA DASH YER
CRANIUM IN!!

IF I CAN PASS AS THAT
HUNK OF ERSATZ, I THINK
I CAN GET A PLANE TO
GET THOSE SUPPLIES OVER
THE RUSSIAN LINES. ALL
YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS LOAD
THOSE SUPPLIES INTO
THE CAR AND AGREE
WITH EVERYTHING
I SAY.

UH HUH!

HEIL
HITLER!

HIMMEL!
IT'S HITLER
HIMSELF!

ACH!

OH MY WONDERFUL,
BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS,
STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL,
MARVELOUS FUEHRER!
HEIL HITLER!!

HEIL!
TAKE
ME TO YOUR
COMMANDER!!

YOU ARE VONDERING WHY
I HAF PAID YOU A VISIT? YES!
NO? YES! IT ISS BECAUSE
I HAF DECIDED TO DROP
PAMPHLETS OVER RUSSIA
— SUPERVISING DER
DROPPING MYSELF.
CLEVER? YES!

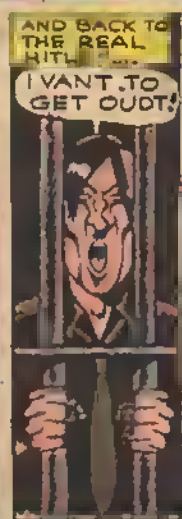
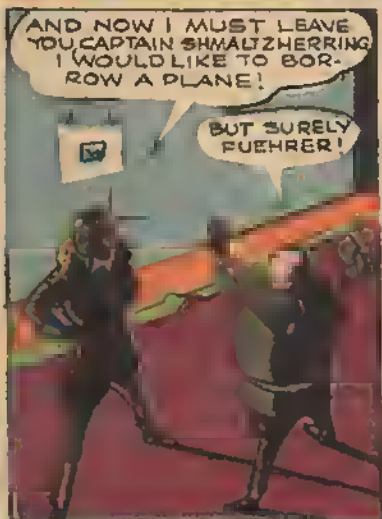
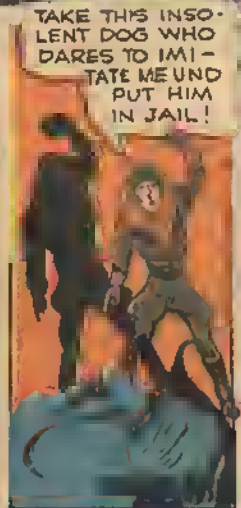
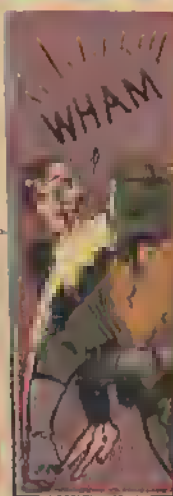
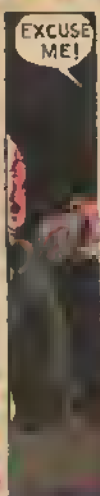
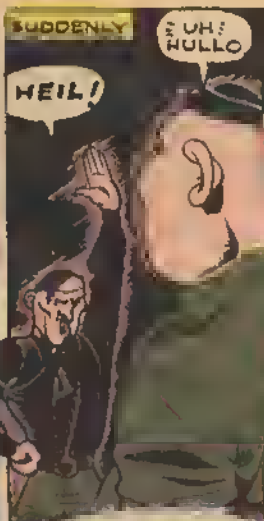
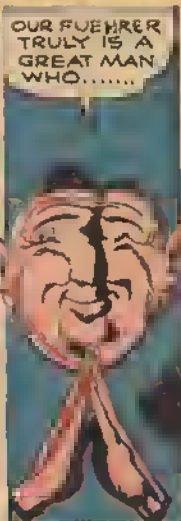
DOSS ISS A VONDERFUL
IDEA, UND
FUEHRER, YOU ARE DER
BRAVEST MAN IN DER
VORLOT!!

I VISH YOU ALL
DER LUCK IN
DER VORLOT!
HEIL HITLER!!

I AM HITLER!!
I VILL GET
THROUGHT! HEIL!

HOW'M I DOIN', CHUM?

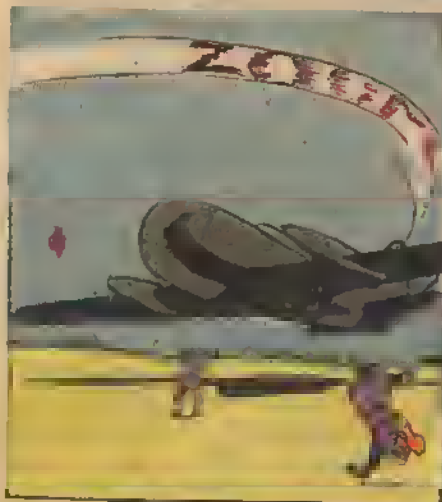
POIFECT, PAL!
HEH, HEH,
KEEP IT
UP!



IN THE
SKY...RUSSIA, HERE
WE COME!!

... AT LAST

HOURS LATER

WE MUST BE OVER
RUSSIA, BY NOW.
OKAY, LIVERLIPS.RIGHT!
ZOOM!LOOK! THE
PLANE IS
LANDING!I CAN'T
UNDER-
STAND
IT!SURROUND THE
NAZIS!NOW
GET READY
TO DIE!LISTEN, PAL... DON'T
LET THE PLANE AND
UNIFORM FOOL
YOU! WOULD A NAZI
BRING YOU
MEDICAL
SUPPLIES?AND AS FOR
THIS HITLER
MOUSTACHE...

SEE?

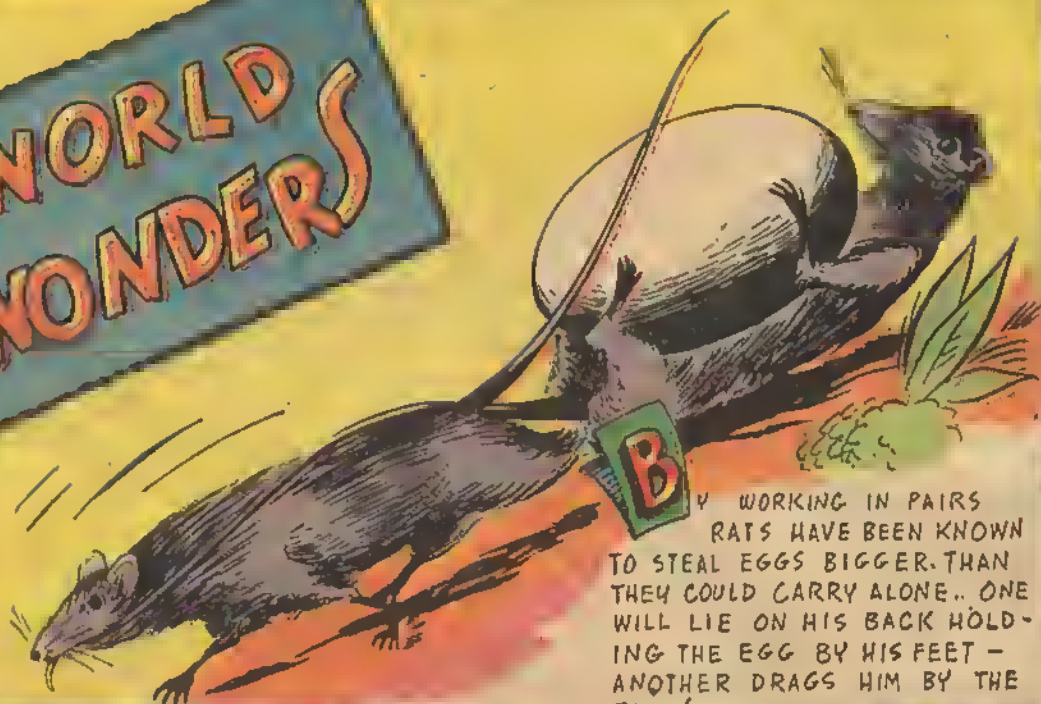
AND BACK IN
JAIL....FORGIVE YOU!
WHY, YOU \$SA!!
~~COULD~~ OO!??
I'LL.....I AM SO SORRY,
FUEHRER. I JUST
DISCOVERED MY
ERROR TODAY.
PLEASE....
PLEASE FORGIVE
ME.

NEXT DAY

A REPORT REACHES
US THAT GEN-
ERAL SHWALTZHERING
DIED SUDDENLY THIS
MORNING OF A
HEART ATTACK...

The END

WORLD WONDERS

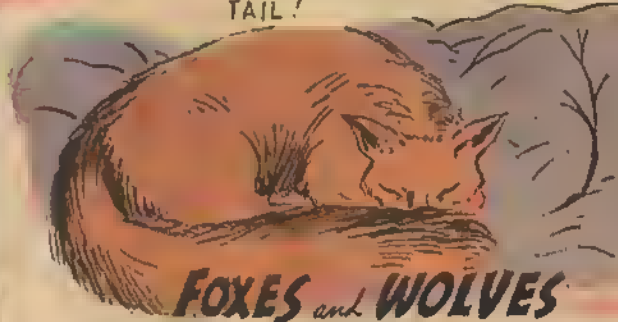


WORKING IN PAIRS
RATS HAVE BEEN KNOWN
TO STEAL EGGS BIGGER THAN
THEY COULD CARRY ALONE.. ONE
WILL LIE ON HIS BACK HOLD-
ING THE EGG BY HIS FEET -
ANOTHER DRAGS HIM BY THE
TAIL!



the PIGEON WHO WON THE WAR!

PIGEON NO. 183/14 OF THE
FRENCH ARMY IS SAID TO HAVE
TURNED THE TIDE OF THE
WAR NO.1 FROM DEFEAT TO
VICTORY BY CARRYING A MESSAGE
FROM THE FRENCH MAJOR
THROUGH THE GAS AND SHELL
FILLED AIR TO THE FRENCH
HEADQUARTERS... THE HOPE
BROUGHT HELP TO VERDUN.



FOXES and WOLVES

USE THEIR BUSHY TAIL TO KEEP THEIR
NOSE AND FEET WARM IN COLD WEATHER.



A PORPOISE WHISTLES
TO EXPRESS EXCITE-
MENT OR FEAR!

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

FORTUNATE IS THE LAND THAT CAN CALL ON MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE TO DEFEND ITS BORDERS. HAPPY ARE ITS PEOPLE, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THEY'RE ALL HELD TOGETHER BY THE COMMON BOND OF FREEDOM.

THE HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO AWARD ITS PALM OF THE MONTH TO RUSSIA'S FIRST HEROINE, MARIA BAIDA...



MARIA BAIDA

YOUNG RUSSIAN GIRL
AWARDED THE ORDER
OF LENIN FOR BRAVERY...



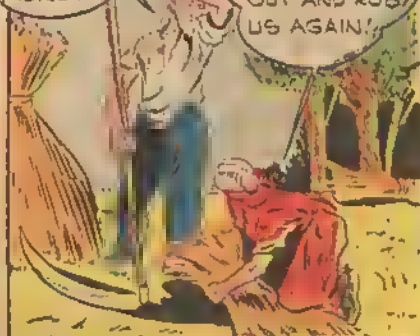
LIVING UNDER THE RUTHLESS RULE OF THE CONQUERING NAZIS THE STARVING PEASANTS OF OCCUPIED RUSSIA AVIDLY HARVEST THEIR ONE REMAINING CROP OF WHEAT...



AT LAST! WHEAT OF OUR OWN THAT WILL MAKE BREAD FOR US!

JUST THINK, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TASTE BREAD ONCE MORE!

IF ONLY THE NAZIS DON'T FIND OUT AND ROB US AGAIN!



BUT AS THOUGH TO MOCK THEIR FERVENT HOPES, THE SKY SUDDENLY DARKENS... THE SHADOW OF A NAZI PLANE LOOMS...



RUN!
RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!

AS THE PEASANTS FLEE...
THE NAZI PLANE SUDDENLY
RELEASES A STREAM OF
FLAMING OIL...



THIS WILL IMPROVE
THE FLAVOR OF THE BREAD
NO END! HA HA HA!

OH, LORD! WHAT
ARE WE GOING
TO DO?

I CAN'T
BEAR THIS ANY
LONGER - I'LL
GO MAD!

NOW KEEP
FAITH! WE'LL
WIN OVER THOSE
BEASTS BUT WE
MUST NEVER
GIVE IN!



WHO IS THIS MODERN JOAN
OF ARC - THIS 23 YEAR
OLD RUSSIAN GIRL WITH
STEEL-BLUE EYES?

YES, WE'LL
WIN! BUT
WHEN?

HOW MUCH LONGER
ARE WE TO ENDURE
...WITHOUT FOOD?

I HAVE A
PLAN AND YOU'LL
ALL HELP! WE'LL SET
A TRAP FOR
THESE
BEASTS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAZI SCOUT PLANES

OBSERVE

LOOK! CARTS FULL OF
FRUIT! LET'S LAND,
KURT! SIGNAL
THE OTHER
PLANES!

THOSE PEASANTS HAVE NO RIGHT TO
IT! WE'LL TAKE IT OVER! WE'LL
TEACH THEM WHO'S MASTER HERE!



BUT SUDDENLY...FROM
WITHIN THE FRUIT CARTS
APPEAR SNIPERS...

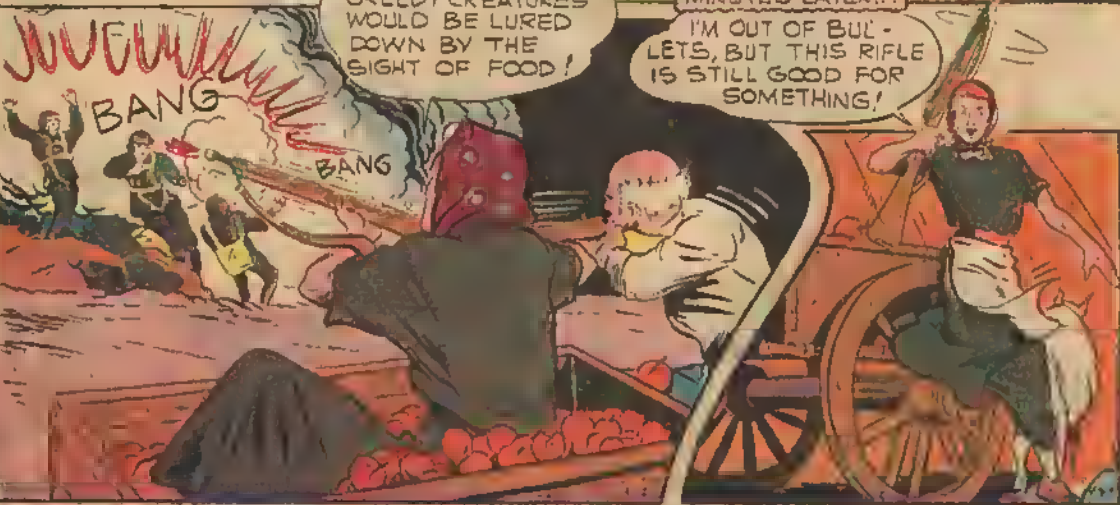
THE
NAZI PLANES ARE
LANDING!

HALT!
YOU PEASANT
SWINE!

I THOUGHT THOSE
GREEDY CREATURES
WOULD BE LURED
DOWN BY THE
SIGHT OF FOOD!

MINUTES LATER...

I'M OUT OF BUL-
LETS, BUT THIS RIFLE
IS STILL GOOD FOR
SOMETHING!





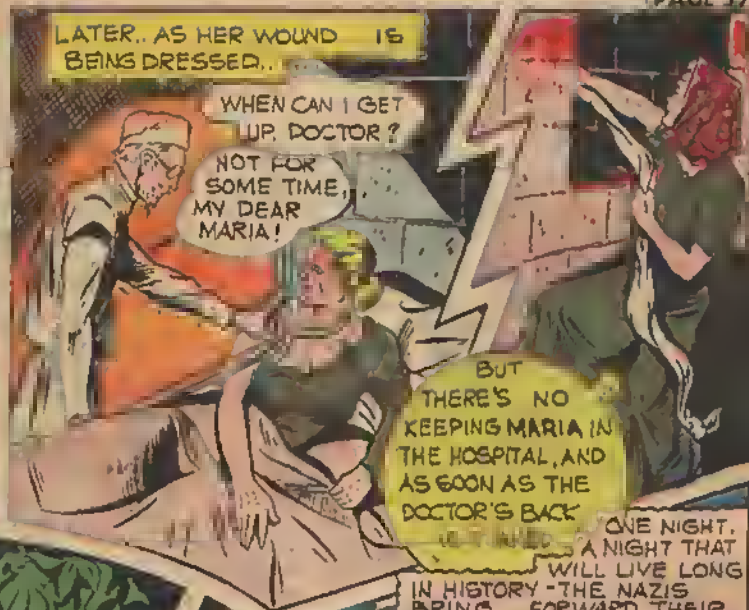
BUT SHE SEES HER DUTY ACCOMPLISHED...THE NAZI PLANE CRACKS UP IN MIDAIR...



WEEKS LATER FINDS MARIA BADA ON ACTIVE DUTY ON THE SEVASTOPOL FRONT, ACTING AS AN ADVANCE GUARD ENTRUSTED WITH DELAYING THE ENEMY'S SPEARHEADS...



LATER.. AS HER WOUND IS BEING DRESSED...



WHEN CAN I GET UP, DOCTOR?

NOT FOR SOME TIME, MY DEAR MARIA!

BUT THERE'S NO KEEPING MARIA IN THE HOSPITAL, AND AS SOON AS THE DOCTOR'S BACK

ONE NIGHT, A NIGHT THAT WILL LIVE LONG IN HISTORY - THE NAZIS BRING FORWARD THEIR CRACK TROOPS TO EXECUTE A PINCERS MOVEMENT...



WHEN SUDDENLY...

SHOTS! VERE BEING AMBUSHED!

ACHTUNG! RETREAT! SAFE YOURSELVES!

THOROUGHLY, SURPRISED AND UNPREPARED FOR THE SNIPING, THE NAZIS FALL BACK..



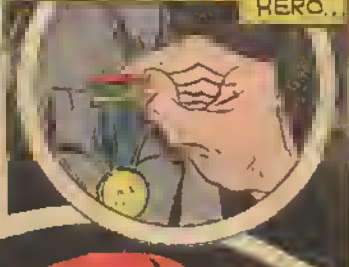
IT'S MARIA BAIDA
THE ONE-WOMAN ARMY...



WHAT BRAVE MEN THESE
NAZIS ARE! THE LEAST SUR-
PRISE AND THEY RUN, HA
HA HA HA!



IT WAS FOR SUCH FEATS AS
THESE...FOR HER UTTER SELF-
LESSNESS AND BRAVERY
THAT MARIA BAIDAWAS DECOR-
ATED WITH THE ORDER OF
LENIN, THE HIGHEST AWARD
TO BE GIVEN A RUSSIAN
HERO.



MARIA, THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE
WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW
DEAR YOU
ARE TO
THEIR
HEARTS!



COMRADE KALININ, THE HONOR
YOU AND THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE
GIVE ME IS INDEED GREAT...
BUT I CAN STAY HERE NO
LONGER... I MUST GET
BACK TO
THE FRONT!



TO YOU, MARIA BAIDA
A SYMBOL OF BRAVE
WOMANHOOD IN
DEMOCRACIES THE
WORLD OVER... FOR
YOUR COURAGE AND
FIGHTING SPIRIT, ZIP
COMICS IS PROUD
AND HONORED TO
AWARD YOU ITS
PALM OF THE MONTH!

MARIA BAIDA...
ZIP'S HALL OF FAME
SALUTES YOU!



OUCH! NOW I'VE GONE AND DONE IT! THESE CHARACTERS WERE BEING SAVED AS A SURPRISE! OH, WELL, NOW THAT THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THESE --AND ME TOO!-- IN THE NEW...

ARCHIE COMICS!

HIVA, GANG!
ME - I'M
SQUOIMY
D'WOIM.

I'M KINDA BUSY
LOOKING FOR A
CLUE RIGHT NOW -
BUT I'LL PAUSE
JUST FOR ONE
MINUTE TO TELL
YOU THAT I'M
BOMBIE THE
BEE-TECTIVE!

PERMIT ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF.
I AM JUDGE OWL
... QUITE A WISE OLD
FELLOW, EVEN IF I
DO SAY SO MYSELF!

AND JUST CALL
ME CUBBY, KIDS!
DON'T FORGET, I
SURE WANT TO SEE
YOU LOOKING ACROSS
THE PAGE AT ME... SO
GET YOUR COPY OF
ARCHIE COMICS!
IT'LL BE AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND ANY
DAY NOW!

ATTENTION, AMERICA! HERE IS OUR
ANSWER TO THE THOUSANDS OF
LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED IN...
THE MILLIONS OF LAUGHS THAT
HAVE ROCKED THE COUNTRY!
ARCHIE IN A MAGAZINE OF
HIS OWN, ON SALE SOON. LOOK
FOR IT!

MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



HARRY SHORTEN

ONE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, it feels like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

Here are some personal details:

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on, the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANGMAN COMICS, JACKPOT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

**SCOTT FELDMAN—
COME HERE!!!!**

Ulp! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

\$\$\$&***!!!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .

PEOPLE AMERICA
CAN DO WITHOUT!
NO. 9...THE CASE
OF SILAS URIAH!

Zambini



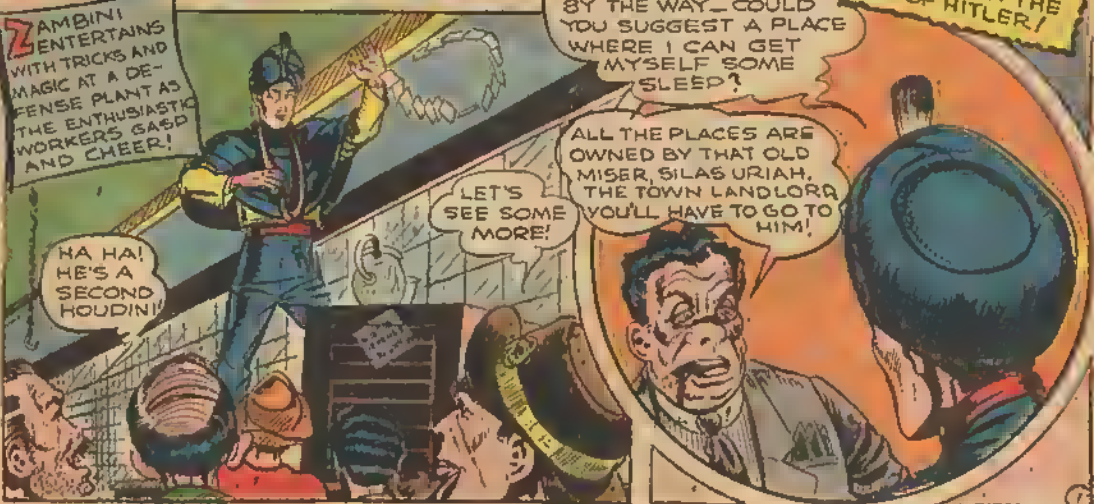
ZAMBINI
ENTERTAINS
WITH TRICKS AND
MAGIC AT A DE-
FENSE PLANT AS
THE ENTHUSIASTIC
WORKERS GASP
AND CHEER!

THANKS FOR
LETTING ME ENTERTAIN
YOUR MEN, MR. WOLF!
BY THE WAY... COULD
YOU SUGGEST A PLACE
WHERE I CAN GET
MYSELF SOME
SLEEP?

ALL THE PLACES ARE
OWNED BY THAT OLD
MISER, SILAS URIAH.
THE TOWN LANDLORD
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO
HIM!

LET'S
SEE SOME
MORE!

HA HA!
HE'S A
SECOND
HOUDINI!



I WAS DIRECTED HERE AND TOLD THAT YOU COULD HOUSE ME FOR THE NIGHT! HAVE YOU ANY ROOMS?

YEP! CLEAN, COMFY- PRICE \$5.00 A NIGHT. PRICES SO UP YOU KNOW, DE- FENSE AN

MOST OF THE ROOMS ARE TAKEN- BUT THERE'S ONE LEFT AT THE END OF THE HALL! HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

THANKS! THIS GUY LOOKS TOO SATISFIED FOR MY MONEY- BUT I'LL STILL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

GREAT GHOSTS! THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SLUMS- LET'S HOPE AT LEAST HE'S GOT BED 5 IN THIS FORSAKEN HOLE!



WHAT! ANOTHER TENANT! JUST HOW MANY DOES THAT URIAH, EXPECT TO STICK IN HERE!

BY THE LORD HARRY... I WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS IF I HADN'T SEEN IT MYSELF! I'M GOING BACK TO URIAH AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

WHAT! SO YOU DON'T LIKE MY ROOMS! OKAY! GO SOMEWHERE ELSE! GET OUT! GET OUT!

YOU KNOW THERE ISN'T ANY OTHER PLACE TO GO. THOSE DE- FENSE WORKERS HAVE GOT TO TAKE WHAT YOU GIVE 'EM!

GET OUT! YOU... YOU TRAMP!

RRRRING!

SILAS URIAH? THIS IS JONES, THE BANK PRESIDENT I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU! I AM NOT RENEWING YOUR MORTGAGES!

TAKE MY HOUSES, MY CHARMIN' COMFY HOMES?!! I CAN'T, EH? WELL, IF YOU DON'T PAY THESE MORTGAGES BY FOUR O'CLOCK... YOU LOSE YOUR HOUSES! GET ME?

OH! OH! DEAR ME! WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK!

NAMES WON'T HURT ME, URIAH, YOU MIGHT, BUT WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR YOU'D BETTER HAVE THE MONEY!

HAVING OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION, ZAMBINI DECIDES TO PAY JONES THE BANK PRESIDENT, AN INFORMAL VISIT!

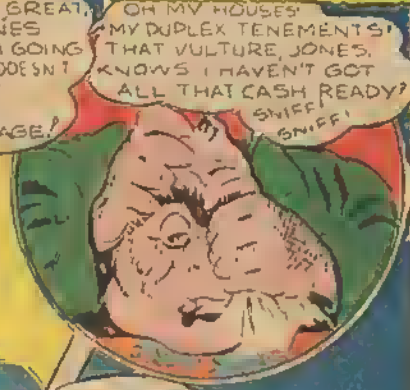


WHO? WHAT? OH- YOU MUST BE ZAMBINI!

YES, ZAMBINI! URIAH'S A GRASPING MONEY-MAD WRETCH! THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO END HIS MORTGAGES... EITHER HE BUYS THESE HOUSES OUT RIGHT OR HE LOSES THEM!



MEANWHILE IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE, POOR SILAS URIAH IS OVERCOME WITH GRIEF



OH MY HOUSES! MY DUPLEX TENEMENTS! THAT VULTURE, JONES, KNOWS I HAVEN'T GOT ALL THAT CASH READY? SNIFF! SNIFF!

AH! I AIN'T LICKED YET! I'LL JACK UP MY TENANTS' RENT, AND MAKE 'EM PAY CASH!



OH! TROUBLE TROUBLE! HERE COMES THE LANDLORD, AND HE'S WHISTLING. THAT'S BAD!



HEH TA TA HEH!

I'M JACKIN' VER RENT! PAY UP... MUH! PLEASE, MR YOU.. AGAIN, URIAH I CAN'T WHAT DO YOU SPARE THE WANT HERE? MONEY NOW! I'LL HAVE IT AT THE END OF THE MONTH!

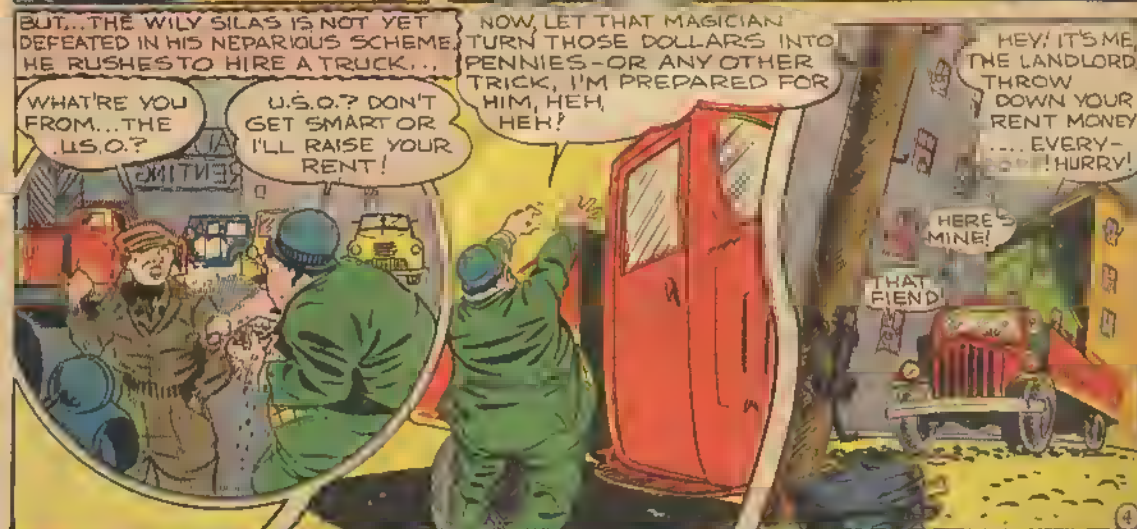
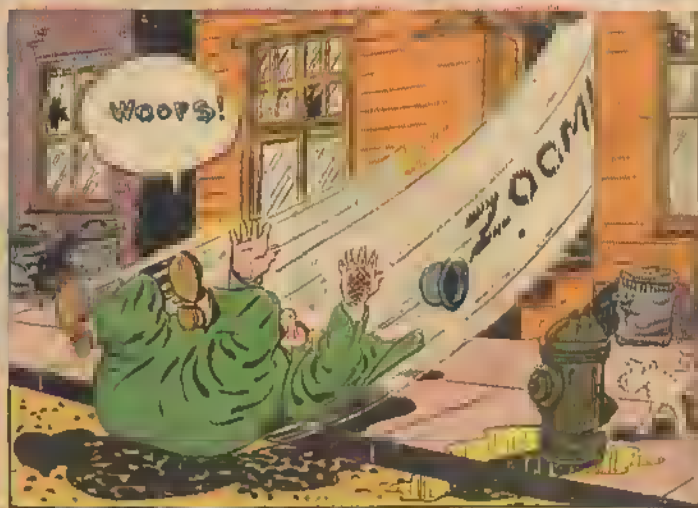
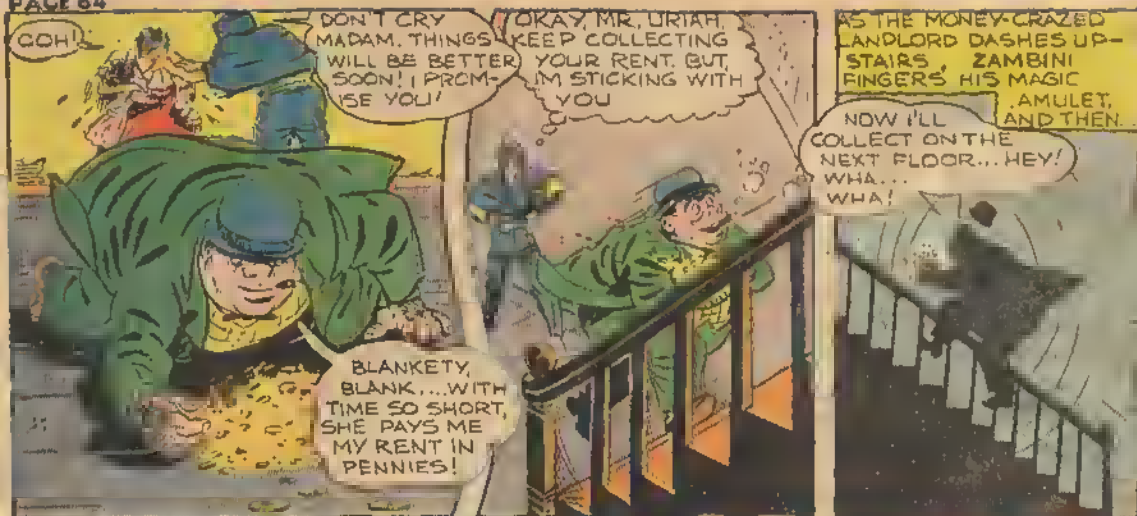


THIS SILAS IS QUITE A CHARACTER! LOOK! I WANT MONEY-NOT EXCUSES! EITHER PAY NOW OR GET OUT!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GREEDY PIG, I HAVE SOME MONEY I WAS SAVING FOR CLOTHING FOR THE CHILDREN! WHA WHY PENNIES! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?





IF WE DON'T
PAY HE'LL
EVICT
US!

LOOK, URIAH! DO
YOU REALIZE THAT BY
VICTIMIZING THOSE DE-
FENSE WORKERS,
YOU'RE HELPING THE
AXIS?

BEAT
IT, YOU
QUACK
MAGICIAN.
I GOT A
CHANCE TO
MAKE SOME
MONEY
OUTTA THIS
WAR. I'M
NOT PASSING
IT UP!

COME
ON- DROP
IT DOWN!

HE HAS A
STONE FOR
A HEART!
THE
DIRTY
DOG!

AS THE FEARFUL TENANTS
THROW DOWN THEIR MONEY...
ZAMBINI AGAIN FINGERS HIS
MAGIC AMULET, AND THE
DOLLARS TURN
INTO PENNIES!

ALL RIGHT, URIAH!
THERE'S YOUR
RENT, ALL
PENNIES
AGAIN!

YI, MILLIONS
OF EM, AND I
GOTTA PICK
'EM ALL UP!

OO, MY
BACK! WELL
ANYHOW
I GOT
'EM ALL!

JUNK

HEY JONES,
YOU CROOK!
I GOT THE MONEY
AND IT AINT
FOUR YET,
HEH!

YOU
HAVE??
UNBELIEVABLE!

THERE IT IS
OUTSIDE IN THE
TRUCK! PILES
AND PILES!

HMM... MAYBE
YOU HAVE, AND
MAYBE NOT!

THEY'LL
HAVE TO
BE COUNTED
AND YOU'RE
GOING TO
DO IT!

OH NO I WON'T!
IF I TOOK THE
TIME TO COUNT
IT ALL IT'D BE
WAY AFTER FOUR
BY THE TIME I
GOT THROUGH.
I'M TOO GOOD A
BUSINESS MAN
TO FALL FOR
THAT GAG!

MY LORD!
HE'S INSANE!

BANK

GET READY
FOR A NEW CUSTOMER
JONES, HEH HEH! I'M
DEPOSITING THIS
MONEY IN YOUR
BANK!

OKAY WISE-
GUYS, NOW I'M
SCRIBBLING OUT
A CHECK! I'M
NOT LOSING
MY HOUSES!

HE'S DONE IT!
IT'S ONLY ONE
MINUTE TO FOUR!
HE'S KEPT HIS
PROPERTY!

THOSE TWO
JERKS! I
WASN'T BORN
YESTERDAY!

BUT AS SILAS URIAH MADLY
WRITES A CHECK, ZAMBINI!
TOUCHES HIS AMULET...

THE CHECK!
IT'S BLANK!

WHAT!

I COULDA
SWORE THERE
WAS INK IN MY
PEN. X72IX... I'LL
USE ONE OF
YOUR PENS, JONES
I STILL GOT HALF
A MINUTE!

IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK
ON THE DOT!
SILAS URIAH,
ARE YOU
READY?

MY LORD! THE
CHECK SAYS!
TO SILAS URIAH!
AWARD THE ORDER
OF THE SWASTIKA!
SIGNED. ADOLF
HITLER!

NO! NO!
HE CAN'T DO
THAT TO ME! MY
HOUSE! MY
BEAUTIFUL
TENEMENTS!

FOUR
O'CLOCK!
YOU'VE LOST
YOUR HOUSES!
SILAS!

ZAMBINI, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL! NO
ONE ELSE
COULD'VE
DONE THIS!

AWWRRRRK!

YES, FRIENDS, SILAS
URIAH WAS A WAR
PROFITEER, WAXING
FAT WITH GREED OUR
COUNTRY IS AT WAR!
WE CAN DO WITHOUT
MEN OF HIS EVIL
BREED! LET US ALL
PITCH IN AND PULL
TOGETHER FOR
VICTORY, ONE FOR
ALL AND ALL
FOR ONE!!